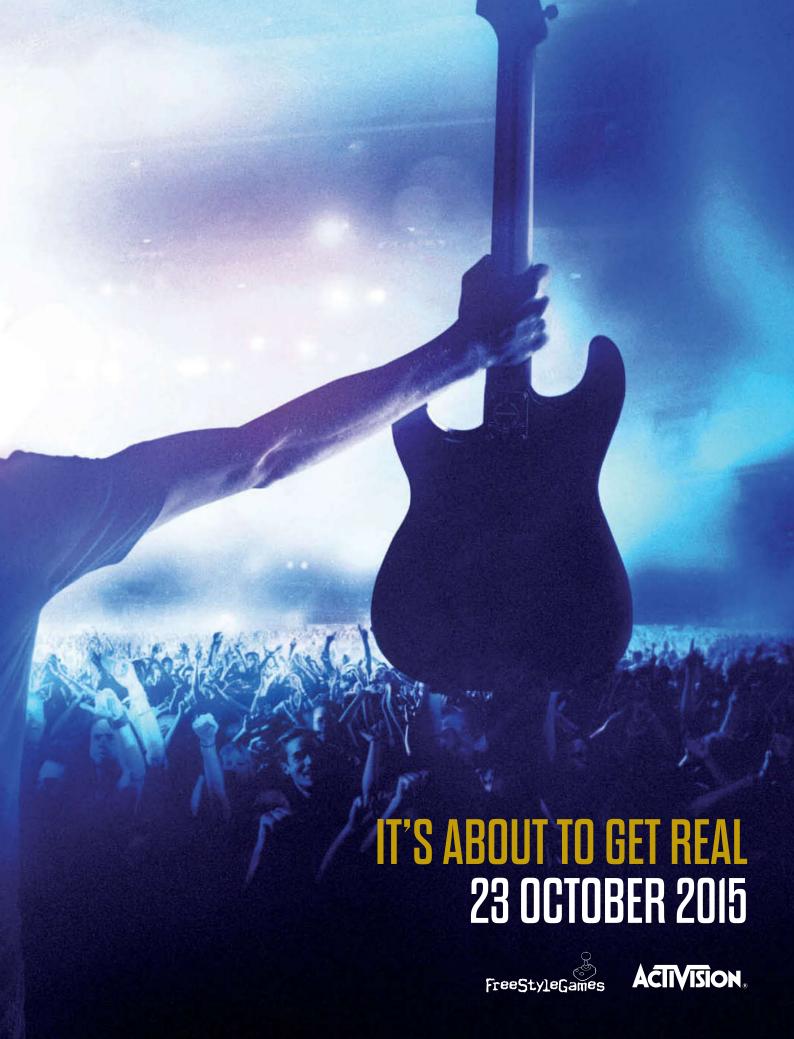






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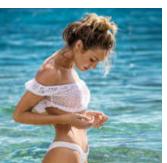














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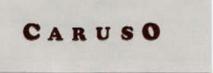
Shopping smart begins with eliminating the guesswork.

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Parisian actor Alain-Fabien Delon shows us how to rock the finest denim.



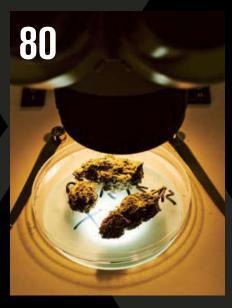
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EXTREME PRE-WORKOUT FOR EXPLOSIVE ENERGY, STAMINA & STRENGTH

THE LEGIT ISSUE

by DIRK STEENEKAMP

Joost slings the ball to Joel, who is conveniently standing a little too far back to mount an offensive attack. In fact, he's right in the pocket, perfectly placed for a drop kick, one that would bare significance, unlike any other three-pointer he's ever scored in his life. A couple of minutes later, the final whistle blows, and grown men embroiled in a battle begin to cry. A nation wept as Francois Pienaar told the world, "We had 43 million people behind us," standing next to Madiba, who was in Pienaar's own number-6 jumper. I am pretty sure that all of us remember where we were that day. I was 11, watching with my family. My dad made the biggest braai I had ever seen to date, and celebrations carried on all over the country, deep into the night. There's something special about a Rugby World Cup, and as we make our way North to try and secure the trophy for a record third time, the nation will once again watch and cheer in unison. We have a full analytical breakdown on page 43. We also sit down with some of the biggest names in Hollywood. Matt Damon has a new movie coming out, The Martian, and it's truly one of his greatest performances. Pot is big business in the US, many lobbyists have tried to stop what's heading to a multi-billion dollar industry. Also have a gander on page 50at actress Julia Faye West. The former child star is now all grown up, making waves in Tinseltown.

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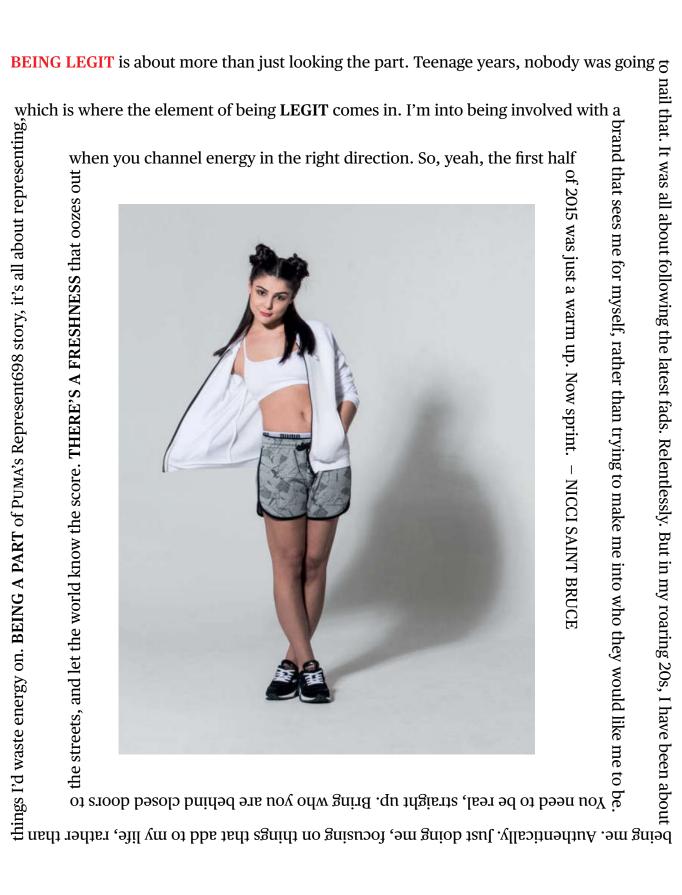
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Curiously coiffed Instagram king the Fat Jew wages an unlikely war on the topknot, perhaps the most controversial hairstyle known to man. XO. XO. SO MUCH XO.

Please don't have a topknot. To have a topknot, or a man bun, is to proudly adorn the top of your head with the world's worst thing. You're basically wearing two fedoras. No, 10 fedoras. You have a soul patch as a haircut. You have a Hitler moustache on your dome. Your hairdo is one of those giant e-cigarettes that people smoke peach-flavoured vapour out of. You have a Croc as a hairstyle. You also look like an overgrown adult baby, and I know that our grandfathers, with their rough hands and war stories and cool bouts with alcoholism, would be outraged. They would smack you with a rough, grown-man hand, and then tell you to cut that stupid thing off your head. With all of you as my witness, I will use my Z-list celebrity platform to put a stop to the man bun once and for all (also, let's be clear, my hairstyle pictured here is not a topknot; it is a vertical head dildo, totally different thing).







You may know him as the guy behind chart-topping "Back to the Beach," but former Idols SA contestant **Kyle Deutsch**

MENTION THE WORD "tequila," and people automatically think you're a badass. Passing tequila off as your favourite drink kind of creates the impression that you're at the highest level of the art form that is consuming alcohol. To be pretty honest, I'm the complete opposite of this.

I call it an "art form," because in moderation, alcohol can help you reach untapped parts of your personality. It helps you relax and explore your creative side, which can make you more productive. Drinking in moderation is an art that is hard to perfect. Alcohol was never a huge part of my life, and right now, it plays a small, but fun role.

If I didn't become a chiropractor/musician, I would have most likely become a chiropractor/professional soccer player. Before my singing career took off, I was serious about professional soccer, which is why I didn't touch alcohol until I was 23 years old. It all started on the night of a hockey game. I was playing a friendly game with my mates, and it was a ritual for the guys to have a few drinks after the game. Knowing that my passion for music had won my heart over, I knew which path my career would follow.

So, after being disciplined for so many years, I decided it was time to figure out what the big fuss was about. I remember the strong smell, warm taste, and crazy burn that came with my first shot of tequila. The great thing about drinking tequila is that it always leads to the beginning of a great story, or serves as a pacifier after the storm. Either way, this strong drink makes perfecting the art of drinking in moderation easy. Too much of a good thing is never a good idea. ■



momentum going?

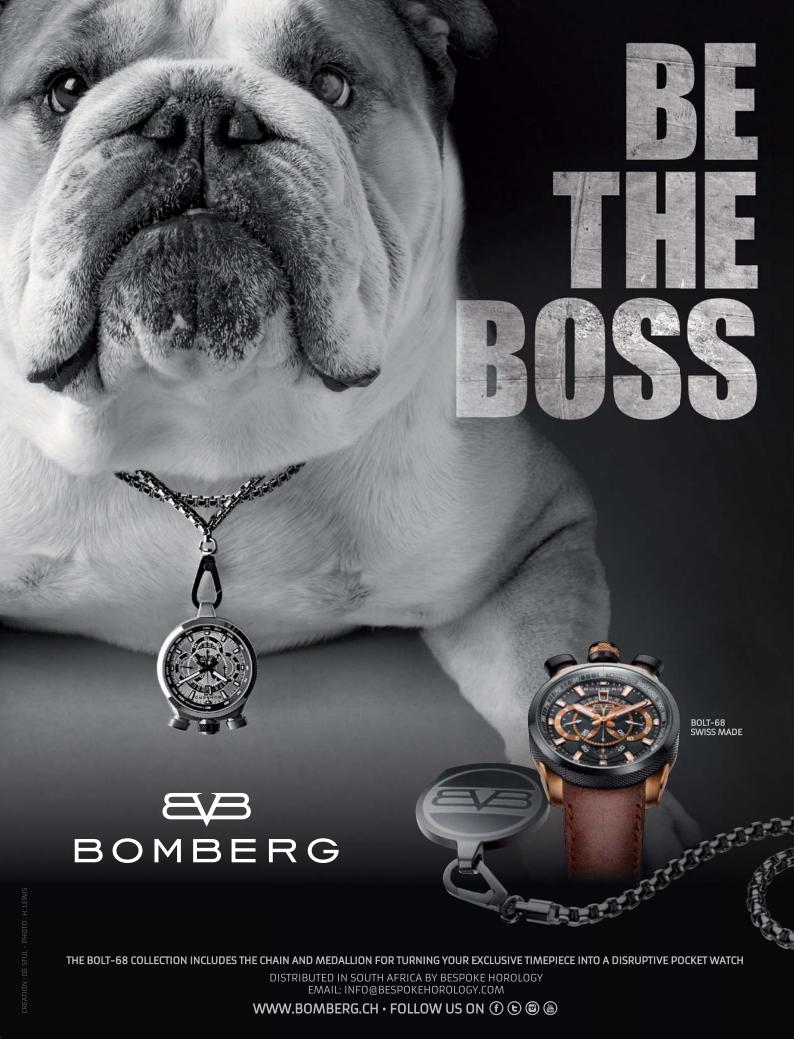
Free-style Wap Hip-hop star Fetty Wap's debut single, "Trap Queen," has become one of the year's biggest hits. Can he keep the

This Page:

Coat, Bally R32 632; Suit, Bally R24 457; Shirt, Calvin Klein Collection R10 218; Shoes, Marc Jacobs

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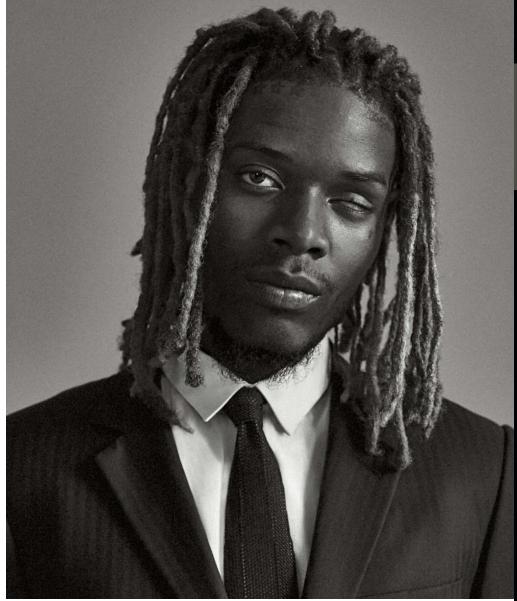
Jacket, Dior Homme R47 688; Shirt, Dior Homme R8 175; Tie, Dior



etty Wap may look
great in a suit, but he hates
wearing one. When he was 17,
his mother told him about a
high-paying job. The interview
required a corporate appearance.
He shaved off dreadlocks he'd
been growing for two years, put
on a suit, and showed up for the
meeting, only to find that the
position had already been filled.
A sartorial trauma was born.
"Suits aren't my type of style yet,"
the 25-year-old rapper admits,
"I'm still not ready for all that."

These days, he can wear whatever he wants. "Trap Queen," the debut single by Fetty (born Willie Maxwell II), recently went platinum. Though widely understood as an unconventional love song about dealing drugs with your significant other, that's not quite it. "The song doesn't have anything to do with love, really," Fetty explains. "Trap Queen" is actually a semiautobiographical track about a girl he met who wanted in on his already booming drug business. "She learnt how to cook crack, and she kind of did it so good that she made enough for the both of us," he says, "She knew how to stretch that shit." The song hints that doubling their efforts will keep the money flowing. "It's not like, 'Oh, babe, I love you, let's work for this," he clarifies, "No, we're about to go break the law, and we're gonna have some fun."

Fortunately, Fetty has since found another method of supporting himself. The song changed everything for the father of two (a 4-year-old son, and newborn daughter). "Once the



music started doing good, I didn't have to look for a way to provide for my kids," he says, "This might be my chance to better my son's and my daughter's future."

Balancing fatherhood with his new life is still a work in progress, as Wap's rigorous travel schedule, coupled with studio sessions, has limited his parenting time. "It bothers me," he admits, "Not all the negativity, not the one-hitwonder talk, that's the only thing that actually bothers me."

The rapper has a place that doubles as a gigantic walk-in closet. One room is entirely filled with Jordans, a fetish he adopted while selling mixtapes on street corners. Any extra income from those sales went straight to his sneaker habit. Now, he buys a pair a day. "People are getting

shot over these," he says, running a hand over his Air Jordan "Space Jams". In his bedroom is an extensive collection of Robin's Jean, straight from the factory. "I like mine with different-coloured zippers," he says of his exclusive denim. Collaborating with their designer, Robin Chretien, is the next item on his career bucket list, and Fetty is slowly becoming a fixture in the company's offices.

Flashy purchases aside, Fetty
Wap is one of the hip-hop world's
humblest characters.
When network Music Choice gave
him the MC100 Award, he cried
on-air, because it was his very
first award. He has a special
phone that never leaves his house
that still holds his first texts from
Kanye West (who invited him to
perform at the Roc City Classic

show) and Drake (who appears on his single "My Way"). As a child, he developed congenital glaucoma, and lost an eye (he wears a prosthesis), and though he suffered in his younger years, his fans have found him a source of inspiration.

That childhood setback has been beneficial in other ways. It taught him to be grateful for the successes life brings him, and take nothing for granted. "You never know what could happen, and personally, I don't care," he says, "I just want to get up in here, get this money so that my family can live good, and if the music don't work out for me, nobody can't say I never tried."



A Legit Look

These are the products that you simply must have, a collection of some of the best fragrances of the year, and onpoint grooming products for the body and beard, including Gillette's latest in their shaving range. Yes, these products are simply the best a man can get.

by GREG FORBES



1. Dolce&Gabbana Velvet Desert Oud

Conquer the desert, but smell good while doing it. Dolce&Gabbana has launched the new Velvet series, and Desert Oud is the real deal. Warm, woody, and smoky, Desert Oud will make you the modern-day Lawrence of Arabia.

Price: R4 450 Size: 150ml Availability: Edgars



2. Boss the Scent

A fragrance that is utterly unique, Boss the Scent holds an exclusive ingredient from Africa, the Maninka fruit, an aphrodisiac full of passion fruit, and rum. The Maninka fruit also evokes something deeper, the tug of desire and memory. Set on a virile leather base, its effect is potent, original, never to be forgotten.

Price: R1 185 Size: 100ml Availability: Edgars, Red Square, and Stuttafords



3. Issey Miyake Nuit d'Issey

Intense, crisp, and magnetic, Nuit d'Issey is a new approach to the olfactory architecture of this fragrance through chiaroscuro. On top, a grapefruit essence that combines with brightpink peppers. A distinguished accord of leather and vanilla notes wraps around the heart. The rich and textured dry-down blends the comforting facet of tonka bean absolute with the nobility of a patchouli heart.

Price: RI 125 Size: 125ml Availability: Edgars, Red Square, Truworths, Woolworths, Foschini, Stuttafords, Clicks, and Dis-Chem



4. Narciso Rodriguez for Him Bleu Noir

This new fragrance from Narciso Rodriguez redefines masculine sensuality, with a scent that's clean and sharp, yet enigmatic and extremely seductive. The fragrance is the epitome of the modern man, with great depth and clarity, and a unique spirit. Expect spicy top notes, cardamom and nutmeg, and seductive, woody notes, blue Atlas, Oand black ebony wood.

Price: Ri 695 Size: 100ml Availability: Edgars and Red Square











5. Jean Paul Gaultier Ultra Male

Jean Paul Gaultier is launching Ultra Male just in time for summer. It's a modern reinterpretation of the 1995 original, just a lot spicier, opening up with citrus notes of bergamot, along with juicy pear, black lavender, and mint. It is also made up of cumin and cinnamon, with aromatic clary sage for the heart notes, ending with base notes of black vanilla, amber, and wood.

Price: R1 045
Size: 125ml
Availability: Selected retailers nationwide

6. Gillette ProGlide FlexBall Power 1Up Razor

Long face while shaving? Not anymore. While Gillette's ProGlide blades remain incredibly thin, the new ProGlide with FlexBall tech is making its debut as the handle that moves and adjusts to meet a man's face. It will change the face of shaving by allowing each cartridge to ride the facial contours for more constant contact, helping remove virtually every hair, a top shaving need according to 8 out of 10 men.

Price: R159 **Availability:** Retailers nationwide

7. Nivea Men Active Clean Charcoal Shower Gel

How about a thorough clean? Try the Charcoal Shower Gel, it's practically a dirt magnet, and it smells pretty good, too. It's also suitable for both your hair and body, and it cleans, squeaky clean, without drying you out.

Price: R44.99
Size: 500ml
Availability: Retailers
nationwide

8. Bluebeards Revenge "Classic Blend" Beard Oil

Transform your beard from an untamed beast, to a manly masterpiece with the Bluebeards Revenge "Classic Blend," containing a unique blend of fresh and masculine-smelling oils and fragrances, designed to moisturise and protect your beard.

Price: R275 Size: 50ml Availability: Sorbet Man, Barnet Fair, Scar, and Edge for Men

Bluebeards Revenge "Classic Blend" Moustache Wax

Tame the manliest of moustaches with this offering from Bluebeards Revenge. Sculpt, shape, and twist your mo', creating the ultimate piece of upper-lip attire.

Price: R190 Size: 50ml Availability: Sorbet Man, Barnet Fair, Scar, and Edge for Men

The Martian

Matt Damon stars in Ridley Scott's latest sci-fi epic, *The Martian*. It's his most vulnerable and honest piece since the classic *Good Will Hunting*, and quite possibly, his greatest performance ever.

by ANDRE COETZER



LEAVE NO MAN BEHIND

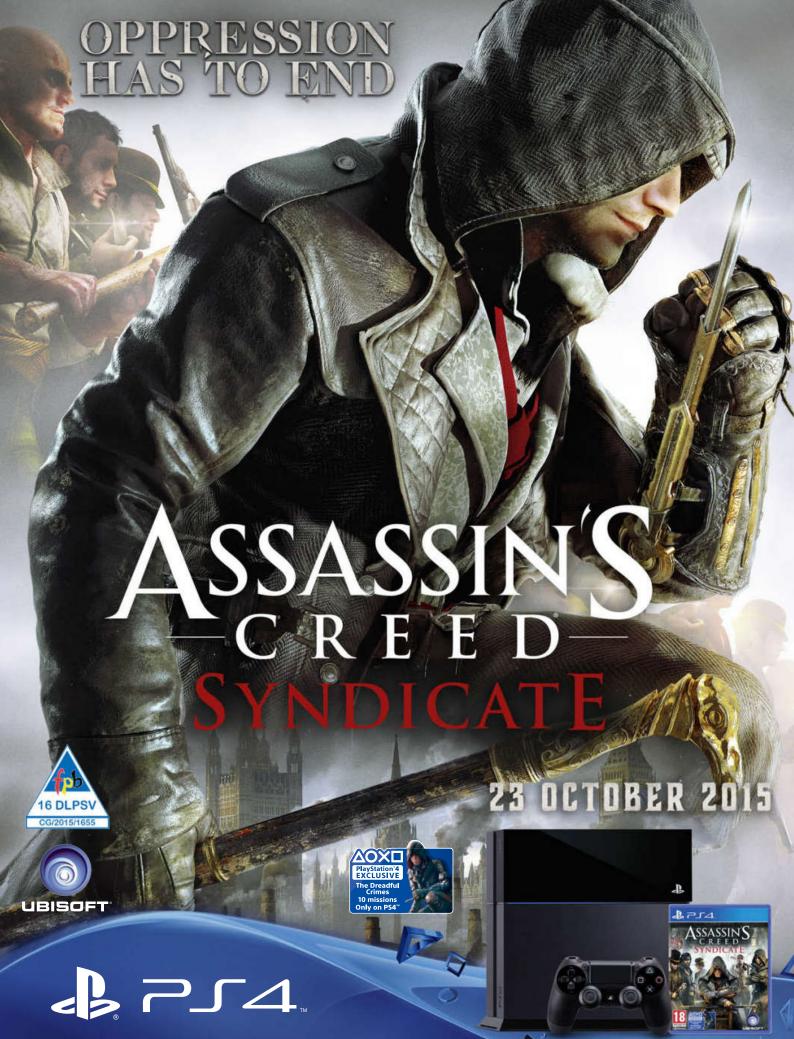
On a manned mission to Mars, astronaut Mark Watney (Damon) is presumed dead after a fierce space storm, and left behind by his crew. But Watney has survived, and finds himself stranded and alone on the hostile red planet. With only meagre supplies, he must draw upon his ingenuity, wit, and spirit to survive and find a way to signal Earth that he is still alive. It's a story about human survival, about facing your own mortality, and refusing to accept it. Damon absolutely shines as the stranded Watney, a performance reminiscent of Tom Hanks in *Cast Away*. As one actor left to carry an emotional story on his shoulders, Damon excels. Watney's survival is but one bit of the film, as the desolate scenes on Mars are intercut with the panic and realisation that Watney is still alive. From crisis meetings, to eulogies, to botched attempts at a rescue, the ground crew cast also turns in a strong performance.

TO ALIEN IS MARTIAN

The Martian is also a return to form for legendary director Ridley Scott, especially after a few missteps with *Prometheus*, and box-office flop *Exodus: Gods and Kings*. Scott returns to what he does best, and that is telling relatable human stories set in wondrous and foreign locations. Credit must also go to screenwriter Drew Goddard, who took the book, and crafted it onto the big screen. The script is laced with wit, energy, and an approach to science that is graspable without ever being too simplistic. Goddard also solved the biggest obstacle the book presented, Watney's inner monologues, and created the vlog for all of Watney's inner thoughts. It's an incredible accomplishment that was so vital to the story, and Goddard delivered on every beat.

ROBINSON CRUSOE IN SPACE

The Martian is a fantastic movie, carried by an incredible performance by Matt Damon. It's a movie about smart people facing near-impossible odds, and overcoming them, only to be faced with even bigger challenges. It celebrates the human spirit, and its unique sense of survival at all costs. It's a movie filled with intelligence, laughter, and incredible tension. It's, without a doubt, one of Matt Damon's greatest performances, and one of Ridley's best films since the cult classic, Blade Runner.





Targeting a lagging body part is as easy as devoting a few more exercises to it. If your upper pecs are weak, simply do a few more incline bench presses. Got weak middle delts? Add some lateral raises, and overhead shoulder presses. Poor quad development? Front squats, sissy squats, and leg extensions can help. But what if you want to focus on the short head of the biceps? That's trickier. The short head is underneath the long head, which is why it's sometimes called the "inner head". Just because you can't see it, doesn't mean you can ignore it. Beefing up the short head as well as the long head, in addition to the brachialis, can go a long way towards your goal of bigger arms. Selecting the right exercises that focus on the short head is just one aspect of a larger strategy to bring it up.

TRAIN YOUR BICEPS TWICE OVER THE COURSE OF YOUR SPLIT

A smaller muscle group like the biceps recovers from a hard workout more quickly than a larger one, like legs, or your back. You can train them more frequently over the course of your split, especially if your training split lasts five or more days. That being said, how you construct that split becomes crucial. In a worst-case scenario, you wouldn't want to train biceps on Mondays, back on Tuesdays, and biceps again on Wednesdays. Your arm flexors wouldn't be given sufficient recovery time to grow, and you wouldn't want to train biceps the day before or after a back workout. Strategically doing other upper-body workouts, leg days, or rest days between workouts on your biceps can help pace your pull-day routines. Just because you're training your biceps twice over the course of your split, doesn't mean you simply have to repeat the same workout. Consider the first workout to be a general mass-building biceps routine that includes movement for both the long and short heads, and the second workout to be one that emphasises the short head with a variety of moves, grips, and rep ranges. You can even consider alternate techniques to use, negatives instead of forced reps, partials instead of drop sets, to work the biceps in very different ways as well.

ADD WORKOUTS ON YOUR BICEPS AFTER BACK TRAINING

One easy remedy for the problem of training the biceps is to do your biceps immediately after your back workout (never train biceps before your back, as this would adversely affect your strength on many of your back movements, as well as your ability to hold on to the bar, or handle). Most back-day movements are multi-joint exercises, so the biceps are already carrying a significant load. It makes sense, then, to just finish them off, because they're already highly fatigued. Training a smaller muscle group immediately after a larger one is familiar terrain to most bodybuilders, but usually you're not able to generate the same degree of intensity after you've just finished a bunch of heavy pulls. That's one reason the second biceps workout should be done on an arms-only day. Here, the biceps won't be prefatigued, so you'll be able to hit them with more energy, and more weight, a great combination for maximal stimulus.

START WITH A MASS BUILDER THAT FOCUSES ON THE SHORT HEAD

Since curling movements for the biceps are almost exclusively single-joint exercises, the usual advice to start with a multijoint movement just doesn't cut it here. Choose a movement with which you can move the most weight. For most people, that's standing curls. Standing movements allow you to generate a bit of momentum through your lower body, and so they are better leadoff hitters in your arm work-out. As noted above, a slightly wider grip on the bar can shift some of the emphasis to the short head. One approach used is to do 2 sets with a slightly closer grip, and 2 more with a slightly wider grip (or 3 and 1), rather than 4 sets with the same shoulder-width grip. That allows you to better emphasise both the short and long heads on your different sets, right at the start of your arm workout. And don't be shy about putting some challenging weight on the bar at the start of your workout, when your energy levels are highest. After a few warm-up sets, use a weight that causes you to fail at 6-8 reps, the lower end of the muscle-building rep spectrum. If you can do more than 8 reps, add more weight.

EMPHASISE THE SHORT HEAD IN YOUR WORKOUT

We mentioned prioritising a lagging body part in the first paragraph of this article, so by all means add another 1-2 movements that focus on the short head. Your best bet is to target it early in your workout when your energy levels are a little higher. Assuming you did some wide-grip barbell curls as your first movement, consider adding other short-head-focused movements next. Good options? Preacher curls, lying cable concentration curls, and high cable curls. Adding a second movement from a slightly different angle, and with a slightly different relative intensity is the best way to work the short head for better overall gains.

TRY "NEW" SHORT-HEAD-FOCUSED MOVEMENTS

Since preacher curls focus on the short head of the biceps more than the long head, they're obviously a good choice to include in your workout. But preachers can be done in many ways, the one-arm-dumbbell version, the EZ-bar version, or curling off the steep side of the bench. Doing your preacher curls standing rather than seated can even allow you to use just a bit more momentum, allowing you to do a few cheat reps as well. Standing upper cable curls are another short-head movement. You can alternately try them one arm at a time, or even slightly change the angle of pull coming from the sides by positioning the pulleys higher, or slightly lower, than you normally would.

WORK PAST FAILURE

Choosing the right variations of exercises with the right loads is a good start, but you still have to do the work. When it comes to initiating growth processes at a cellular level, you won't get away with stopping your sets short of muscle failure. In fact, taking 1-2 sets of each exercise past failure is great for building maximal muscle. And so, combining the move with an intensity-boosting training technique can elicit greater overall growth.





MyFitnessPal: Calorie Counter

Deemed the world's most popular health and fitness app, Calorie Counter makes it easier to keep track of your calorie intake, keeping that extra weight off. When downloaded, a personalised diet and exercise programme is created for you, providing insights into healthier alternatives. Calorie Counter hosts a database of over 5 million foods.



Runtastic

A personal tracking app that is not only for running, but also biking and other sport activities, utilising a GPS to map routes in real time, while monitoring your exercise progress.



Withings Health Mate

Tapping into the more "wellness" side of health and fitness, Health Mate helps anyone wanting to monitor their weight, blood pressure, exercise progress, and sleeping patterns.



Endomondo

This app makes your fitness routine fun by serving as a personal trainer and partner. Your routes are tracked, and performances analysed. It also allows you to share real-time audio pep talks from friends, and has an audio coach to motivate you when you need it.



BodySpace: Social Fitness App

This app provides a personal trainer platform, and connects you to one of the world's largest online fitness communities, where people can comment on, like, and share results and fitness activities. You can pick a training programme that suits you, and your current fitness goals. You can also shop for accessories and products via the app's online store.



Moves

A configurable main screen provides GPS-based training that tracks speed, distance, time, pulse, pace, and altitude. Many commend this app for great and easy usability.



Daily Ab Workout

This app provides you with two different ab-sculpting workouts, complimented with videos showing how each exercise is done. On-screen instructions are also provided.



S health

Hosted on Samsung smartphones, this app allows you to manage your fitness goals, and keep track of your overall health.



Garmin Fit

Available in a variety of languages, Garmin Fit automatically uploads your fitness stats for you to view whenever you need to, in order to check your progress. Information on current speed, and calories burnt is also provided.



My Diet Couch

With the aim of keeping you motivated and on track, My Diet Couch assists you in resisting food cravings, as well as avoid skipping a day at the gym by providing motivational arguments, guidelines, and virtual rewards for your achievements.

"THE BEST PROJECT YOU'LL EVER WORK ON IS YOU."



King of Customs

Bodie Stroud has built a hot-rod empire out of a simple idea... it's what's on the inside that counts.

by MIKE GUY



EVERY DAY

IS A CHANCE TO GET BETTER



MULTI-VITAMIN COMPLEX



CHELATED MINERALS COMPLEX











he back lot at Bodie Stroud Industries (BSI) may look like a junkyard, but each junker is potentially worth millions. Surrounded by tall fencing, it's cluttered with cars that are torn in half, parts broken beyond recognition, and stacks of bumpers. A 352 Ford V8 engine dangles from a chain hoist, a motor without a home. The junk, the cars, the tools, and even the workers, there are eight of them today, wearing respirators and gloves, sanding, shaping, tearing, bending, spraying, and turning wrenches, are covered in dust from the concrete factories that pervade this very industrial, very hellish corridor.

To look at the plain exterior of BSI and its grim surroundings, you might never guess that Johnny Knoxville was here not long ago to pick up his 1970 Cadillac Coupe de Ville (which Bodie Stroud himself had transformed from a busted-up rust knuckle, to a gleaming, state-of-the-art missile of style). Johnny Depp dropped off his beloved 1951 Ford Mercury to be similarly resurrected. "From the outside, I like to keep it looking like a junkyard," Stroud says, "I think it gives me street cred in this neighbourhood."

That same bit of perceptual judo, in which an outdated appearance masks a sophisticated interior, is the driving force behind what Stroud does with cars. He takes a classic, say, a 1963 Galaxie 500, and rebuilds it by handcrafting extremely modern, powerful, and shocking insides. It's like taking the book jacket of a *Farewell to Arms* first edition, and placing it over a next-gen iPad.

Mechanic,
builder, and
fabricator
Stroud takes
a breather.

Stroud is soft-spoken, with piercing blue eyes, and hands the size of master brake cylinders. He is amongst the most respected and sought-after custom builders in the resto-mod movement. These oil-smudged wizards take classic cars, or parts of cars, or trucks, or motorbikes, in various states of disrepair, and handcraft them with obsessive (and expensive) detail, retrofitting them until they are more perfect than anyone at Ford or Chevy ever imagined possible.

The main shop floor at BSI is crowded with 15 or 25 cars at any given time. Today, there's a 1965 Ford Galaxie, a '67 Fairlane, and an X-100 in brandy wine, with shimmering chrome details. They are all in the process of being painstakingly rebuilt. At 2013's SEMA Show, Stroud introduced his BSI X-100, a 1956 Ford truck that was hand-spun into an alarmingly fast, splashy, ultramodern masterpiece. Under the bonnet is a supercharged, 5.0-litre, 410-horsepower Ford Coyote Aluminator motor, shifting through a Ford 4R70W four-speed automatic.

And here's where Stroud finds particular enjoyment, the BSI X-100 starts at \$180 000 (about R3 million), and he has sold three of them since lifting the canvas. "There's something about this pickup that appeals to the right people," he says, wandering his crowded shop floor, "It's something like nostalgia, but it's also all about that perfect, hard-core ride. You know, a modern feel, and a vintage look." Stroud is 46 years old, and has been running BSI for only eight years. Before that, he was a humble diesel mechanic. "I loved working on a diesel engine. Everything makes sense. If it doesn't, you think about it, and then it does. I miss that."

He lived the rough life of a diesel mechanic, too. He was twice arrested for beating the shit out of people. "I came close to never pulling out of that," Stroud admits, "I had a love affair with getting drunk and fighting." But he was destined for automotive greatness. And he made the right connections. Jay Leno, a famously obsessive car collector, has been a friend for 10 years. Celebs parade through Stroud's shop all the time. Beyond the Johnnys, there's Tim Allen (who bought a 1968 Camaro, and a 1950 Cadillac), Dan Reynolds, the frontman for Imagine Dragons (a '67 Mustang), and Drea de Matteo of *The Sopranos* and *Sons of Anarchy* (a '67 Camaro). "Adam Carolla is obsessed with Lamborghinis," Stroud says of the comedian and

It's about that perfect, hard-core ride, a modern feel, and a vintage look."

podcast star. He walks out behind the main building into the yard, and points to the frame of a 1966 Lamborghini 400 GT. There are beat-up cardboard boxes nearby filled with struts, suspension knuckles, housings for lights, all the tiny bits of an Italian exotic. "Carolla picked this up for, like, \$100 000 (around R1,4 million). By the time I'm finished with it, it'll be worth around \$850 000 (about R12 million), and drive like it was built next year. He has to like those economics, right?"

The money's nice, of course, but one gets the distinct feeling that Stroud talks up the payday to distract us from a somewhat nobler goal, giving a second chance to a decaying masterpiece, then turning the key, and hearing it rumble gloriously to life.



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SONY MAX DStv CHANNEL 128







Lexus RC 350

They've broken the mould, taken a gamble, and executed it with flair. Meet a Lexus that isn't designed to be entirely sensible.

by JOHN PAGE

I glance across to my passenger, he tips his head in approval, and with a stab of the throttle, steering wound up to its maximum, the RC 350 spins up a rooster tail of dust, flicking itself around on a compass point heading for Franschhoek Pass. The events leading up to this moment were equally sublime, hustling Lexus' new sports car down Gordon's Bay Drive to a playlist of V6 noises echoing through the low-slung cabin, stitched in red leather, fully aware that the car has been trawling a hypnotised following of usually unhurried Capetonians everywhere it's been.

Meet the sexiest, two-door coupe currently on sale, from a company which, besides the LFA, has little expertise in this sort of role. But whereas the LFA is extremely exclusive and spookily alien in its technology, this is designed to be a grand tourer, placing its occupants in luxury and refinement - none of which comes at an additional expense. Heated/cooled seats, navigation, and cameras pile into the specification of this four-seater, and the boot is large enough to do more than a long weekend at the Peninsula.

That 200kW, 3.5-litre V6 toils up front in a hulking mechanical force that's perfectly suited to the American market, where Lexus achieves most of its volume. The rear tyres deliver a drive that's precocious in the upper strings, and docile when your fingers aren't redlining every gear change, siphoning fuel in a way that would normally see Lexus owners run off to the next hybrid model. Speed, governed by the right amount of electronics, and spin-rescue fail-safes, will flatter and warm the cockles of most drivers. But even with a clean run up Franschhoek Pass, the claws are never provoked in a vicious rage. More George Clooney than Lewis Hamilton.

Parked up, the Lexus RC 350 is an exquisite view from every angle, but with none of the supercar-design foibles that make it a stress to park, or too low to the ground to leave the motorway. Blistered arches, chunky bumpers, the total absence of puerile spoilers amongst the F-Sport armour that it wears with purpose. Here we are on our knees begging Lexus to make more cars like this.

And they will in due time. Sadly, the mightier RC F won't be coming to our shores, but a 2.0-litre turbo most definitely will, and at a much better price. For now, though, the RC 350 creates that buzz that has been missing from the brand. Another shot at Lexus LFA ownership... sort of.

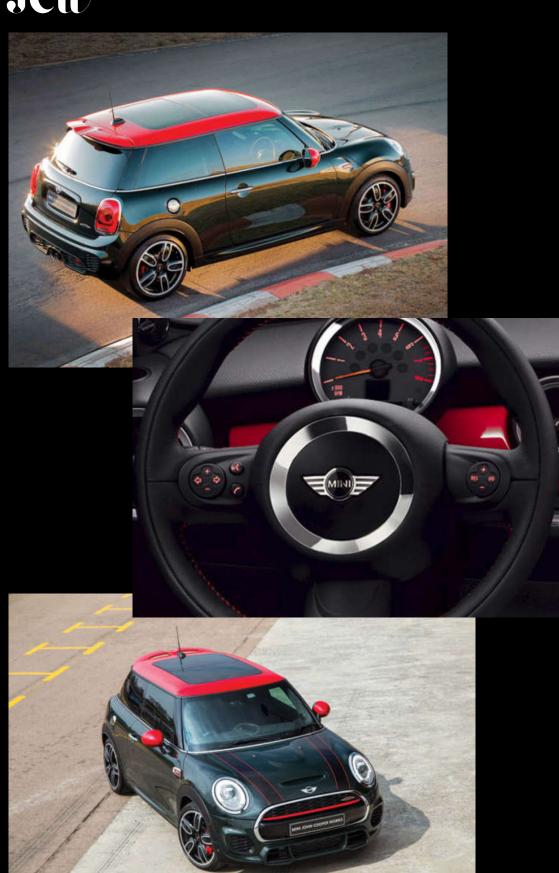




Mini Cooper Jew

Mini's go-kart tag line has been chipped away by every model that's evolved to the size of a Golf, but you can always rely on John Cooper Works' (JCW) Cooper S to don its superhero cape, and return its mojo back to its zenith. Growth spurts under the hood guarantee whoops and cheers, with the hottest version whipping out some dynamite numbers that will rattle the ranks. JCW is Mini's M Division, a small father-and-son company that offered tuning kits for the original Mini, up until BMW came into the fold. That original recipe has been respected, so the Cooper JCW remains a taut and razor-sharp firecracker, with a back-chatting attitude. Small on the outside with a big heart, the Mini's lump has been pepped up to schoolyard-bully status. And if you don't see it coming, you will hear 170kW trumpet out the exhaust, all before seeing those "mini" aerodynamic touches to the spoiler and diffuser. BMW's quality shines through in the cabin, and 3 Series owners seeking the rebel side of life will easily adapt to the Mini's iDrive system and other direct technology mergers. And Mini hasn't forgotten about the optional items, which will have you online, staring at the configurator, trying to decide which of the six alloy designs to go for.

2.0-litre 4-cyl turbocharged, 170kW/320Nm, 0-100km/h: 6.1 seconds, R440 000 My Garage With: Ford Fiesta ST





Jaguar F-Type AWD

There is a blunt caveat that hangs over the Jaguar F-Type. No, it's not the guttural roar that registers on the Richter Scale, or that useless boot. It was that, quite simply, that verbose, supercharged torrent of power is too aggressive for mortal rubber, the relationship between power and grip blown to smithereens. Tickle the throttle, and your insurance plan comes to mind with every see-saw of its tail. But mainstream appeal requested a more forgiving version with a lower skill entry point, and Jaguar has responded with the supremely surefooted F-Type AWD. From there, it was driven to the ideal proving grounds of Hakskeen Pan, in order to become the official communications car for the

upcoming land-speed record.

Topping 300km/h on a quagmire caused by drought and rainfall left the standard version eating dust.

Normally the antithesis of fun, the AWD system in the Jaguar disgorges that surge of power in a 100km/h dash of 4.1 seconds, still behaving for that split second, until the electronics get wise, like a rear-wheel drive car. Torrential downpour? Take it on! Room for future models with extra power? You bet there is! A land-speed record of its own.

5.0-litre 8-cyl supercharged, 405kW/680Nm, 0-100km/h: 4.1 seconds, R1 744 900 My Garage With: Nissan GT-R

Citroen DS3

The brand created a recent stir with the fashionable Airbumps, but that sort of out-of-the-box thinking has long been the French maker's USP. Built for the style conscious, with room to add that personal taste, like the different roof colours to go with your poodle's outfit, the Citroën DS3 always looks fresh and chic, regardless of which model you drive to that corner bistro. There are a number of choices. Some may want the smallest 3-cylinder engine, where the fuel needle stays glued to the top, and others might prefer to embrace the perfect weather, folding the roof away in the cabriolet version. Awardwinning engines prove that it's not merely a strong looker, and with

involvement in motor sport, you'll find that the 1.6-litre turbo engine has done its homework. Your surname doesn't need to be "Loeb" to get this little turbocharger spinning. Those new LED Vision lights are a fusion of xenon and LED tech, resulting in a powerful night presence, and the high-quality leather provides a softer side to the DS3's racy art. What about costly options like navigation? Not the case here, with that, and a wide range of other items, coming as standard.

1.6-litre 4-cyl turbocharged, 120kW/240Nm, 0-100km/h: 8.1 seconds, R329 900 My Garage With: Mini Cooper S



FOLLOW THE YELLOW BRICK ROAD TO TWICKENHAM

ERNEST HEMMINGWAY ONCE SAID, "IT IS GOOD TO HAVE AN END TO JOURNEY TOWARDS; BUT IT IS THE JOURNEY THAT MATTERS, IN THE END". **BY BRANDON GOING**



I cannot help but feel, particularly as a South African, an ability to subconsciously and consciously unify our people for a few moments in a shared common "good". That is how remarkable and special the Rugby World Cup (RWC) is to South Africa. It has left an indelible, poignant, and historically defining mark on what we can achieve, and who we are as a country. The green and gold is inextricably linked to our identity. So, regardless of the outcomes in 2015, let us all just take a moment and enjoy the journey. Let's stand tall and proud together as a nation behind one team and one country.

Unfortunately, the hot topic throughout the tournament's buildup wasn't so much about how the Boks would fare in Blighty, but instead, the elephant in the room... transformation. I am not for a minute saying that transformation is not a critical issue, however, before a team embarks on the most significant tournament in their professional careers, should we not be rallying behind them with fervent support? You could argue that this is simply delaying the inevitable, but timing, as we know, is everything, and just a dash of common sense.

South Africa has two World Cups out of four, having never lost a final. We have beaten the All Blacks in a historic final, and a bronze-medal match in 1999. Jannie de Beer has dropped five goals in a game against England, a record to this very day. The Springboks are built for a tournament as unique as the World Cup. There are various factors for this, our traditional game of a tactically accurate kicking game, a brutish pack, unyielding defence, and combining those three elements to play pressure rugby (forcing the opposition into mistakes in their half), that's perfect for knockout rugby. We all know that come the knockout stages of the World Cup, it's all about the points, no matter how you get them, and titan-like defence. So, at every World Cup tournament, the Springboks are in with a realistic chance of bringing Old Bill back to the Republic. To sum it up, South Africans know how to win World Cups.

The rectifying of representation or transformation is making rugby a priority in this country, and a heavy dose of patience. We also need to look at the other two major sporting codes (soccer and cricket) in our schools, and by that I mean the impoverished schools in townships and less affluent areas, where the rarest and most extraordinary sporting gems can be unearthed. They are role models of the highest calibre for the youth. Ashwin Willemse, a Springbok wing who famously overcame arguably South Africa's most notorious and perilous area, the Cape Flats. Steering away from the gangs, violence, drugs, and many other pitfalls, he rose to become a World

Cup winner, and an example to not only the youth, but to all South Africans. If sport, and in this case rugby, is made a priority at these schools, it allows the country's youth to learn life lessons they wouldn't learn anywhere else. Sport is the perfect environment for both the joys and agony life represents. My belief is that whoever has the privilege and responsibility of pulling on the green and gold needs to be the best we have on that day to play.

The Springboks are a national treasure to our country, and even if you are not a fan, you know who they are, and what they represent for a lot of people. Let's safeguard them, adding their legacy in a befitting, successful manner.

"THE GREEN AND GOLD is inextricably linked to our identity."







MEYER'S TENURE

Heyneke Meyer's appointment in 2012 came with a quiet confidence that the Boks could go into 2015, and bring the William Webb Ellis trophy home. That confidence stemmed from his CV, which had 3 Super Rugby, and Currie Cup titles. He also coached a core group of Springbok veterans still active, and had so much success with them at the Blue Bulls. His immediate challenge came in the form of England, a 3-match test series which, as we all know playing at home, is non-negotiable, and a clean sweep would be special, considering it's the English.

The Boks duly won the series, and there were slight glimpses of simply outstanding ball-in-hand rugby that would flow quite brilliantly in 2013. Of course, for the most part, the Boks were pragmatic, and that is not criticism, but a reflection of a style that has suited them for over 100 years. The Rugby Championship proved too much for what was a relatively inexperienced Springbok class. A disappointing draw to the Wallabies was perhaps the bitterest pill to swallow. The Springboks are certainly the better of their antipodean foes, but mentally, however, they still lack the killer instinct of putting the Wallabies away in their own backyard. But a titanic battle between two of the traditional world powers, the All Blacks, and the Springboks, was to ignite and transfix the rugby world for the next four years.

An end-of-year tour ended unbeaten, a feat that hadn't been achieved in quite some time, and is by no means a guarantee anymore, considering the continual improvement of the Northern Hemisphere teams. All in all, 2012 was a good year for the Boks.

In 2013, the Boks brushed aside Italy, Scotland, and Samoa in a quadrangular tournament. They seemed to find their running game in this period, and simply excelled at the Rugby Championship. What I believe the Boks gained most was the balance they created in their overall game. The traditional strengths were now coupled with a confidence of keeping the ball in hand, and critically making the correct decisions on when to strike, and when to be pragmatic. Australia had another prominent footnote in that season, as the Springboks exorcised some demons in hammering the Wallabies in Brisbane, where they hadn't won in over 50 years

playing sumptuous rugby. The test against the All Blacks in New Zealand was marred by a calamitous, and choking-under-pressure decision by Romain Poite, yellow carding Bismarck du Plessis' hit on Dan Carter (subsequently voted Tackle of the Year in 2013), and collecting a red later (second yellow card) in the game to ruin the contest further, with the All Blacks duly winning. The return fixture was arguably the greatest test match ever played. While the loss was disappointing, the sheer brilliance on display from both sides that day, set down a marker for the rest of the world's rugby nations to follow. The Boks also showed the public and the rugby world that they do have a running game, and when in the mood, they can tear open a defence at will. The end-of-year tour was another unbeaten success. One thing is for sure, seeing the Boks make offloads in tackles, and punish the opposition's mistakes with counterattacks oozing with guile, was simply magnificent, and unforgettable.

Unfortunately 2014 proved to be a step back in terms of the Boks' newfound identity, whereby the running game became the focal point of how the Boks played, at the expense of knowing when to run, and running the ball for the sake of it. It started off well enough, with a first-half annihilation of Wales in the first of two tests. Wales galvanised in the second half, which was to become a precursor for the second test. The Boks used up their season's luck in one performance, but Wales embarrassed themselves, and ultimately lost the test through a lack of belief. 31-30 read the final score, however it was only in the final play of the game that the Boks took the lead.

The Rugby Championship produced a win against the All Blacks, with Pat Lambie's 50-metre penalty. However, that inspiring performance was not the order of the season, as a draw against Argentina while away, and a missed touch kick gave Australia a last-minute win, setting back the progress made the previous season. The end-of-year tour also produced a dismal set of results, as the Boks were soundly beaten by Ireland after attempting to run the ball from every situation. There was also an insipid loss, for (only) the second time in our history, to Wales. The 2015 season couldn't have come soon enough if it wasn't for the Boks regrouping after an arduous season, rediscovering their mojo the following year, and most importantly, in a World Cup year.

2015 would be a shortened season, and the Rugby Championship would serve as a series of warmwup games. The Boks played well, with chances to beat both the All Blacks and the Wallabies, with the Wallabies' defeat being a particularly painful experience. However, what was to follow in Durban against Argentina proved to be one of the darkest days in Springbok history. An absolute drubbing at the hands of Los Pumas set the country into furore.

Injuries have played a part in the poor show that is 2015, but those lessons should be used as motivation, and there is nothing more dangerous than a Springbok team with its back against the wall. We as a nation are not used to lying down and accepting defeat, we fight tooth and nail every day, and our rugby team represents that on the field.









SPRINGBOK SQUAD

Selecting a squad for the World Cup will always result in certain players not making the cut. Based on the Lions' desire, playing philosophy, and attitude, one could argue that their entire Super Rugby squad was unlucky to not make the cut. I realise that South Africa has an abundance of loose forwards that cannot be played with. Marcell Coetzee and Jaco Kriel, the open-side flankers, were terribly unlucky, especially Kriel who not only does his core roles, but adds panache and skill with ball in hand. Francois Hougaard covers two positions, and has been in scintillating form with the Bulls sweeping all before them in the Currie Cup. Lionel Mapoe, the Lions' outside centre, was the standout player in his position during Super Rugby. However, the emergence of the Jesse Kriel and Damian de Allende partnership has quelled that concern to a degree. Cornal Hendricks, on the wing, might consider himself unlucky having not done much wrong in the green and gold. But defence may have been a concern in his skill set. Another opensider to miss out was the Free State's favourite son, Hienrich Brussow. However, considering the depth of the position, it was reasonable to believe he wouldn't be there. All in all, the Springbok squad is a formidable one. Is it the very best we have? That is a debate being churned over and over, and only murky answers have come out of it.

The five key Springboks we need fit, firing, and in form to win the World Cup begin with Bok talisman Duane Vermeulen, the man who takes it upon himself to charge into the belly of the beast. It is not just his immense physical dominance, Vermeulen has so much more in his skill set. His reading of the game is second to none, his decision-making, in all facets of the game, is paramount to the Boks' flow. As with all unique players, his decision-making creates momentum-shifting plays. He hasn't played for a significant amount of time, but if we have a chance at winning the World Cup, he must be injury-free, and at his best.

Fourie du Preez has been out for the past 18 months, and I believe it's no coincidence that the Boks have suffered in his absence. His reading of the play makes him a once-in-a-generation player, and the Boks' coaching staff often seek his advice with regards to attack and defence patterns. I know the argument is that he is long in the tooth, but that experience is so important when it comes to winning the World Cup. No team has won a World Cup on the back of an average scrumhalf. Fourie du Preez is all class.

I have put Handre Pollard and Pat Lambie together. They are so different in terms of their playing style, but so exceptional in their respective skill sets. Lambie is the safer bet, and one could argue that he is the front runner for the number-10 jersey. His steadiness and seemingly cool-under-pressure figure, that's the way to go. I do not deny Pollard's magic and game-breaking ability, but in terms of current form, the Sharks' pivot gets my vote. At this point in his career, Pollard's decision-making still needs polishing. Both players are in the spotlight due to their position, they are the compasses of the team's direction, and how the Boks play will rest on their young shoulders.

Willie le Roux has been a constant selection during Meyer's reign. A rare breed of player in South Africa, his offloading, timing of pass, and fleet footedness have made him a favourite to the Springbok faithful. He is, of course, a high-risk, high-reward player, but he has been a breath of fresh air in sparking the Boks' offence capabilities, and he is, without a doubt, a key member of the squad. He will need to control his spontaneity slightly, because World Cups are unforgiving to even the paltriest error in judgement.





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ON SPRINGBOK GAME DAYS



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CONTENDERS TO THE CROWN

Pool A: Australia, England, Wales, Fiji, and Uruguay



Billed as the "group of death" for obvious reasons, England, at home, is going to be immensely difficult to beat. Similar to the Boks, they share traditional strengths, and under Stuart Lancaster, they have improved their running game. However, their buildup has been inconstant, they are not where they should be considering the time frame Lancaster has had to create a consistent winning culture. Not for a moment am I suggesting that they can't win the World Cup, they have won it before. But whereas that team contained the likes of Johnson, Greenwood, and Wilkinson, this current team has no such names of that calibre yet.

Wales had a stellar World Cup in 2011, but playing against the Southern Hemisphere heavyweights, they have no record to speak of. Besotted with injuries in key positions, I feel they are almost limping into the World Cup. They are playing in familiar conditions, with resentful fans. However, that won't be enough for the Welsh, and so I see them exiting the pool stage, with England and Australia continuing their journey.

Australia is, as always, a serious threat, with arguably the most

explosive backline in world rugby, armed with the Australian mentality of winning when it counts. One would be foolish not to back them. Their forwards have been seen as an Achilles heel, but in knockout rugby, all your pack needs to do is front on that specific day. Michael Cheika has brought some mongrel back to the way they play, and any team playing the Aussies should be wary. If dominated early upfront, they will fold, so teams should take the fight to them from the first whistle.

Pool B: South Africa, Japan, Samoa, Scotland, and USA



The Boks have the history, and will have massive support from the expat community spread across the United Kingdom. Their buildup has been woeful, to say the least, but their pool gives them the opportunity to iron out the mistakes in their game plan, and be fit, firing, and ready for the quarterfinals. Quite frankly, that is where the World Cup should start for the Boks. On our day, we can be downright unplayable, but we must be conscious of the fact that we are playing in the Northern Hemisphere, which often requires a different approach. I am taking an outside bet on Samoa to join the progression, a fiercely formidable, and at times downright malicious, defence.

Their ability to score from anywhere makes them a dangerous proposition. The way to beat Samoa, and the other nations from the Pacific Islands, is to keep things as structured as possible, trying to move the game from set piece to set piece, which has always been a real weakness in their game. They will provide a barbaric physical challenge, but their penchant for foul play could also derail their tournament.

<u>Pool C:</u> New Zealand, Argentina, Tonga, Georgia, and Namibia



The All Blacks are looking to become the first team in World Cup history to win back-to-back titles. In the 4-year period since 2011, they have lost twice, and drawn twice out of 48 test matches. That is simply remarkable, considering that many teams after a World Cup win seem to suffer from a slight hangover the following season. The All Blacks have simply gone from strength to strength. This team is a hybrid, they know how to win playing any style, coming from behind to score in the last-minute tries, drop goals, and penalties in test matches. An undeniably perfect game will be required to stop this current team, and it can be done.

Pool D: France, Ireland, Italy, Canada, and Romania



Ireland is my dark horse for the tournament. Under Joe Schmidt, they have won 6 back-to-back Tri Nations titles, and Schmidt has built a squad that has become watertight. They have also shown that they can mix with Southern Hemisphere superpowers, beating Australia. Although they may not have one of rugby's greatest players in Brian O' Driscoll anymore, they will be a formidable opponent for any team.

France, where to even begin with this team? I don't think even the French people understand their rugby team. Unbeatable one week, and diabolical the next, they represent arguably the most dangerous team in this tournament. But that also depends on when you play them. France has sadly lost their French flair over the years, becoming a dull team on the eye. They don't seem settled, and they have not had a good relationship with coach Philippe Saint-Andre. I believe that they just have no consistency to go all the way to winning a World Cup. But, then again, this is France we are talking about, and anything is possible.







FUN FACTS AND FIGURES

ABOUT THE RUGBY WORLD CUP 2015

- The youngest player to ever play in a final is the original global rugby superstar, Jonah Lomu. He was 20 years and 43 days old. He is also the record holder for the most tries in RWC history, with 15 tries in only two tournaments.
- Out of 7 World Cup finals, only 8 tries have been scored.
- The most tries by a single player in a match belong to Marc Ellis, with six tries against Japan in 1995.
- An estimated 4 billion people will watch the RWC this year.
- The oldest player to ever play at a RWC is Uruguayan Diego Ormaechea.
- The World Cup has twenty teams vying for the title, yet only 4 teams have won it from 7 tournaments.
- George North of Wales is the youngest ever try scorer (a hat-trick), at 19.
- England is the only Northern Hemisphere team that has won the World Cup, in 2003.
- The money the World Cup will generate is estimated to be 2.1 billion pounds (about R44 billion).
- There is no official mascot for the RWC in 2015.



OTOGRAPHY BY RAQUEL RISCHARD COURTE



WERE ON THE NICKELODEON SHOW EVEN STEVENS WITH SHIA LaBeouf, WHO WENT THROUGH A PERIOD OF STRANGE BEHAVIOUR SYNONYMOUS WITH CHILD STARS NOT SO LONG AGO. WHAT'S YOUR TAKE ON THAT "PHENOM-ENA"? Having so much power at such a young age, while also having the extra pressure of gruelling work with so many adults counting on your performance, there's no doubt that this creates extreme conditions. Extreme conditions can lead to extreme reactions. MILEY CYRUS, LINDSAY LOHAN, MACAULAY CULKIN, THEY ALL LOST IT AT SOME POINT IN THEIR CAREER. THE INDUSTRY MUST BE TAXING ON THE SOUL WHEN YOU'VE BEEN IN IT FOR LONG. Growing up and being treated like a star gives children an intense form of freedom and responsibility that many adults could not even manage. I'll reference the book Lord of the Flies. Why did those children descend into demise? I think it's a similar dynamic. How did you manage to make THE SMOOTH TRANSITION FROM A CHILD ACTRESS, TO A GROWN WOMAN IN HOLLYWOOD? I was raised by a wholesome, down-to-earth family. I understood the importance of humility and balance. I also learnt that true happiness comes from within. Being kind to others, and myself, required pacing my artistic ambitions. I love acting and being in the limelight, but I'd never take on too much at a time. YOU STAR IN A HORROR FILM. HAVE YOU EVER ENCOUNTERED A REAL-LIFE HORROR SCENARIO, WHETHER PARANORMAL, OR AN INSANE STALKER WRITING IN BLOOD ON YOUR BATHROOM MIRROR? I've had such a wide range of life experiences. We'd need an interview based entirely on my encounters with stalkers and the paranormal. WITH PRESI-DENTIAL CAMPAIGNS GOING ON IN AMERICA, KANYE WEST RECENTLY ANNOUNCED THAT HE'D BE RUNNING IN 2020.

WOULD YOU VOTE FOR HIM? I'd give him a vote for confidence! WHAT'S THE FIRST THING YOU'D DO IF YOU BECAME PRES-IDENT? I'd think of the future, several generations from now, and then, I'd adjust education, awareness, and actions accordingly. DO YOU THINK THE WORLD WOULD BE A BETTER PLACE IF THERE WERE MORE FEMALE PRESIDENTS? Age, race, gender, even sexual orientation, none of that is relevant. Relevance lies in the moral fibre of the individual. ON PAGE 96 OF THIS ISSUE, WE TOUCH ON HAVING SEX WITH YOUR EX. ARE YOU FOR IT, OR TOTALLY AGAINST IT? I'm totally against it. An ex is a past relationship that failed. In order for failure to become a lesson well learnt, it is not to be repeated. BUT THEY SAY ANGRY, TENSION-FILLED SEX IS THE BEST, THOUGH. I disagree. Effective communication and resolution can lead to make-up sex, which is wonderful. Tension-filled sex is best when it's passionate tension, not angry intensity. WELL, BEFORE WE JUMP INTO SEX, WHAT ATTRACTS YOU TO A MAN IN THE FIRST PLACE? If a man mentally intrigues me, and can captivate my emotions by expressing substance and depth, then I'll look at the surface. If sex appeal meets chemistry, then the attraction could cause me to free-fall, heart first. You're behind charity founda-TIONS THAT EASE HUMAN AND ANIMAL SUFFERING. WHAT MADE YOU TAKE THAT ON? I've been interested in helping people and animals throughout my life. I know my capacity, and how much I can take on in order to make a significant difference. WHAT PLANS DO YOU HAVE FOR THE REST OF THE YEAR? I'm making a comedy called, A Week in London. As the lead, I'm in every scene. Along with annual holiday charity functions, this film will consume the rest of the year. Its theatre release is set for early 2016, the best role I've had to date, and I'm humbled. ■







Back in 2005, a little-known PlayStation 2 game called Guitar Hero (GH) was released onto the masses. Little did anyone know that the music game would redefine the genre, bringing rock and roll to the lounges of millions. The playlist was amazing, the little, plastic guitar made you feel like a true rock legend, and it opened up gaming to a whole new crowd. Six years (and 19 GH games) later, publisher Activision decides to give the much-loved series a deserved rest. Now, in 2015, the game is back, completely renovated and offering a new challenge to the rock fans out there. GH is back, bigger, and better than ever. Get ready to rock your socks off.

EVEN BETTER THAN THE REAL THING

Guitar Hero Live (GH Live) is nothing like the previous games, but it feels familiar. Introducing a whole new level of immersion, players now get to unleash their inner rock star in a first-person, live-action experience where the player is the star of the show. Players will get to experience the stage fright and exhilaration of being on stage in a variety of venues, from the little clubs in front of a few people, to the main act at an outdoor festival in front of thousands. You are now in a band, surrounded by your real-life band members, facing a real-life audience, with real-time reactions on how well, or how poorly you play.

VIDEO KILLED THE RADIO STAR

Also new to the series is GHTV, a 24-hour, music-video network that lets players jump right into various genres of music, playing alongside your favourite band's official music videos. Compete for the highest score

with your friends in your living room, or aim to become the best in the world as you take on other players from all over the globe for rock star dominance. Constantly updated, GHTV will serve as a source of new music discovery, while bringing back the party atmosphere to the living room. With more than 100 videos available, you will no doubt find your favourites, and jam along to the hottest hits out there. Of course, this is all great, but the big question is, what is the new controller like? The signature GH controller has been completely redesigned. Gone are the old buttons, instead, they have been replaced by two rows of three buttons that better reflect the way people naturally play guitars. This redesign now allows for a fun experience to be had by everyone, from the beginner, to the most skilful players out there.

IT'S ALL ABOUT THE TUNES, MAN

This is all good and well, but, of course, the biggest reason behind the game's success is its music line-up. GH Live doesn't disappoint. The game takes the approach of the modern music festival, with rock, folk, EDM, hip-hop, country, and pop acts sharing the same stage. So, expect a greater variety of music catering to everyone's musical taste. The playlist features hundreds of songs from a diverse set of artists, from Green Day, to Ed Sheeran, from Skrillex, to the Rolling Stones, plus many, many more. And the great thing is that the playlist will keep on growing over the next few months. Another exciting addition this year is the mobile device experience. Can't afford the latest consoles, or like to take your rock star status on the road? Well, for the first time ever, the full GH Live experience

will now be available on mobile devices. It's a massive technological leap for the franchise, giving fans the opportunity to play wherever, whenever they want.

GOOD NIGHT WEMBLEY, WE LOVE YOU

GH Live is an amazing leap forward for the franchise, practically improving in every single department, refreshing the series, but keeping the fundamentals that made the previous games so much fun to play. With the promise of a constant stream of new content, GH Live is a game that will keep on giving. So, strap on the spandex, frizz that hair, and prepare to rock it out in front of thousands and thousands of adoring fans. Groupies not included.

- ANDRE COETZER







For the last few years, EA Sports' FIFA series has dominated the virtual world of soccer with unrivalled presentation, exciting on-field action, and every single team licence you can think of. But after so many years on top, has the champion turned in a disappointing, Chelsea-like performance, or is it sitting pretty on top of the table?

THE LADIES DO IT BETTER

The problem with annual releases like FIFA is the risk of stagnation, adding one or two meaningless features every year, over a reskinned version of the previous version. Fortunately for soccer fans, that's not the case with this year's FIFA. The biggest new addition to the annual series is that of the long overdue inclusion of the women's national teams. Finally, you can play as one of the top international women's teams, and it's an absolute joy scoring a screamer into the top corner with players like Germany's Nadine Kessler. Although the women's teams feel very similar to their male counterparts, gameplay-wise, it's still a cool addition to the already massive player line-ups.

IT'S ALL ABOUT DEFENCE

The biggest changes to FIFA's gameplay are all defensive ones. Twenty-five new animations have been implemented, to aid your defenders in one-on-one battles with skilful strikers, turning circles, for players backpedalling towards goals, are tighter, and best of all, you can breakout of slide-tackle animations with a second tap of the same button. So, goodbye to the online tricksticking trolls, because with better defence mechanics, the game now feels more like the real thing, instead of some 12-year-old boy spamming the trick stick, and thumping you 12-0.

OLE, OLE, OLE, OLE!

The game looks brilliant as always, with smooth movement animations, and fantastic graphics. If you're a fan of *FIFA*, then you will love this year's version, with enough additions and gameplay enhancements to make it feel fresh enough to have another go at getting your beloved soccer team to the top.

- ANDRE COETZER







ASSASSINS —CREED— SYNDICATE

Last year, Ubisoft released the first next-gen version of *Assassin's Creed (AC)* on our lovely current-gen consoles in the form of Unity. Although it was a good game, it was plagued by various bugs and gameplay issues, which was a real shame, because Unity at its core was a truly great game. One year later, and Ubisoft is about to unleash Assassin's Creed: Syndicate. Has the Canada-based studio learnt its lesson, delivering a truly great *AC* Game?

COR BLIMEY GUV'NOR

For the first time in the series' history, *AC* is set in 1968's Victorian London, a setting made famous by the Industrial Revolution. It's definitely the closest to the modern world than any *AC* setting before, where factory-scale production and scientific breakthroughs make London the centre of the modern world. The dual protagonists are something fresh in the series. You play as siblings Jacob and Evie Frye, born and raised in the rural town of Crawley, England. Together, the two move to London to bring freedom to the oppressed working class. Upon arrival, they discover that the

Assassins aren't doing so well. With the English Assassin Order destroyed, the Templars are running the city unchallenged. Since they can't compete with the Templars in their current state, the Frye siblings start from the bottom, building their own gang to take control of the city's criminal underbelly.

JOLLY GOOD SHOW

The London setting looks fantastic and is absolutely massive. Fortunately, thanks to the Industrial Revolution, you will have access to various forms of transport. From hijacking carriages and blasting through the streets of London, to steampowered trains, to boats drifting around the Thames, this game is full of excitement. It completely changes the way one moves around the massive setting, which is an awesome addition to the series. Another first is the addition of the rope launcher, which lets our heroes scale buildings and cross wide avenues with the greatest of ease. It's very similar to Batman's grappling hook, which is incredibly useful when trying to escape from those pesky

Templars. Combat has also received an overhaul, moving away from the sword fights of yesteryear, into a world of all-out brawling. While the series has always had a melee option available, it's been something of a novelty rather than a respectable way to fight. Now, it's the only way to go, with a few molar-shattering punches, before bringing out some nasty, hidden weaponry to finish the job.

BOB'S YOUR UNCLE

Assassin's Creed: Syndicate is a great followup to Unity. Gone are the annoying, little things that put people off Unity. Multiplayer has been done away with, focusing purely on the single-player experience, evident in the final product. The stealth sections have been improved, and there are more ways to assassinate your target than ever before. Ubisoft has finally put the fun back in AC, putting the mess of Unity behind them. Syndicate is, without a doubt, the best AC game ever made, and a major comeback for the open-world adventure.

- ANDRE COETZER





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Carlyle is the sort of American, New York hotel where society ladies in pearls contemplate a tea menu that's as thick as a phone book. And yet there she is, fashionably late, chattering away in Portuguese on her cellphone, hair falling in her eyes just so. Isabeli Fontana has arrived, a Brazilian bombshell in a shrunken Hendrix baseball shirt, impossibly tight black jeans, and biker boots.

The hotel's tearoom is hushed and elegant, and even a sharp clink of spoon against saucer might raise eyebrows, but Fontana is not the sort to apologise for taking a phone call (turns out it was her grandmother on the line). "I'm Latin, and my family is originally from Italy, so we're a loud group," she explains, "There's always a lot of food, a lot of talking, a lot of fighting. You can imagine."

Discovered at age 13 in her hometown of Curitiba, Brazil, Fontana has bared nearly all for Victoria's Secret, stalked the runway for just about every major designer, and fronted campaigns for Balenciaga, Balmain, Hermès, and recently, Calvin Klein Underwear. She is used to startling people with her sex appeal. "Brazilians love to seduce, to have fun, to dance, to charm. We like a little bit of attention," she explains.

Isabeli is not one to bullshit, either, which can make the fairy-tale fashion industry seem all the more off-putting. "It's a tough world," she says, "One moment you're the hottest thing, there aren't enough hours in the day, you can barely catch your breath. The next moment, it's all about how many Instagram followers you have. It used to just be how you looked, how professional you were; now, there's this whole other dimension." Though Fontana is embracing social media, and happy to share her personal life, she sometimes finds the whole thing a little bizarre.

In her early days as a model, she remembers feeling, "Like a human doll. You stick your hands out, and someone dresses you. There were times I hated it, it was work, but I felt like nothing." At 32, though, she has shed her reservations and tapped into a certain fearlessness, embracing her job as a professional exhibitionist with renewed gusto. "I'm good at this, you know?" she says, "I like a shoot when I feel strong and sexy, a little hard, with a darker edge. That's what I do best. I like giving a photographer what they want, working with the art director. And modelling is all I've ever known."

As a young girl, the daughter of a psychologist and a salesman, Isabeli often drew comments for her lanky figure, and striking Mediterranean looks. "I had no idea what being a model was," she recalls, "I was the girl skateboarding with the boys. I came from a fairly traditional family where fashion wasn't something anyone considered, but my parents were open to it, if that was how I wanted to make a living."

She hit it big in 1996, becoming a finalist in the Elite Model Look international competition. Life soon changed drastically. She bought a beach house in Brazil at 16, and became a fan of glitzy restaurants, and a regular at star-studded affairs. At the age of 19, she and childhood sweetheart Álvaro Jacomossi, a fellow model, found out she was pregnant with Zion. Lucas is her son with ex-husband Henri Castelli. A brief engagement to Bob Marley's son Rohan followed. Even though she was a mother while still in her teens, her career never flagged, and she had her share of fun. "I've had amazing times. Donatella Versace's parties? We danced, we drank. I wasn't the first one to go home, let's put it that way."

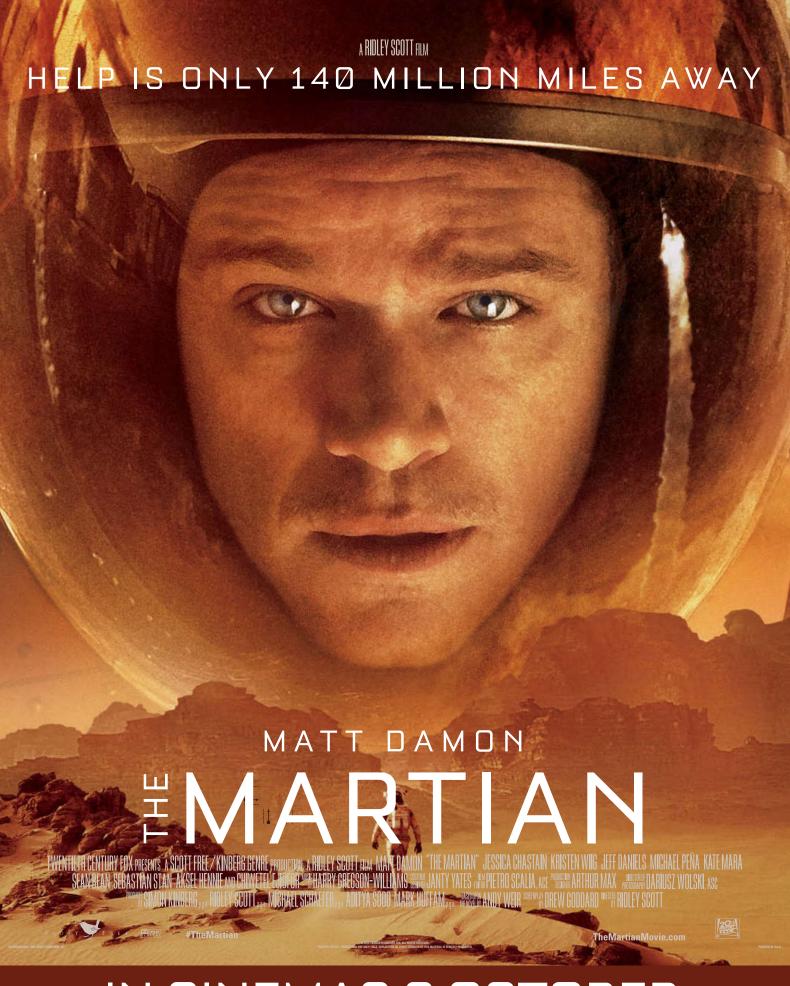
A little turbulence in her love life has taught her what she needs in a relationship. "Don't sit there on your cellphone, distracted. I want to matter to a guy," she says, "Walk into the room, and notice me." She admits that being a supermodel's other half can be a challenge, "It's not easy to be the boyfriend," she says, "You have to be a strong guy." Getting attention from men was never particularly difficult. The question is what kind of attention. "Of course, you sense when men want you as a trophy," she says, "I don't need to be anyone's trophy.

ou can sense when men want you as a trophy. I don't need to be anyone's trophy." A guy will say, 'That ring? I can buy you a bigger ring.' I can buy whatever I need; what I want is real love." Fontana has found that with her fiancé, Brazilian rocker Diego Ferrero. On the inside of her ring finger, the phrase, "REAL LOVE," in Ferrero's handwriting, is tattooed in black ink. In Brazil, the two are a power couple. They recently posed together for Brazilian *Glamour*, and at the launch party for the issue earlier this year, Fontana surprised Ferrero with a vintage Motorino scooter in honour of his 30th birthday.

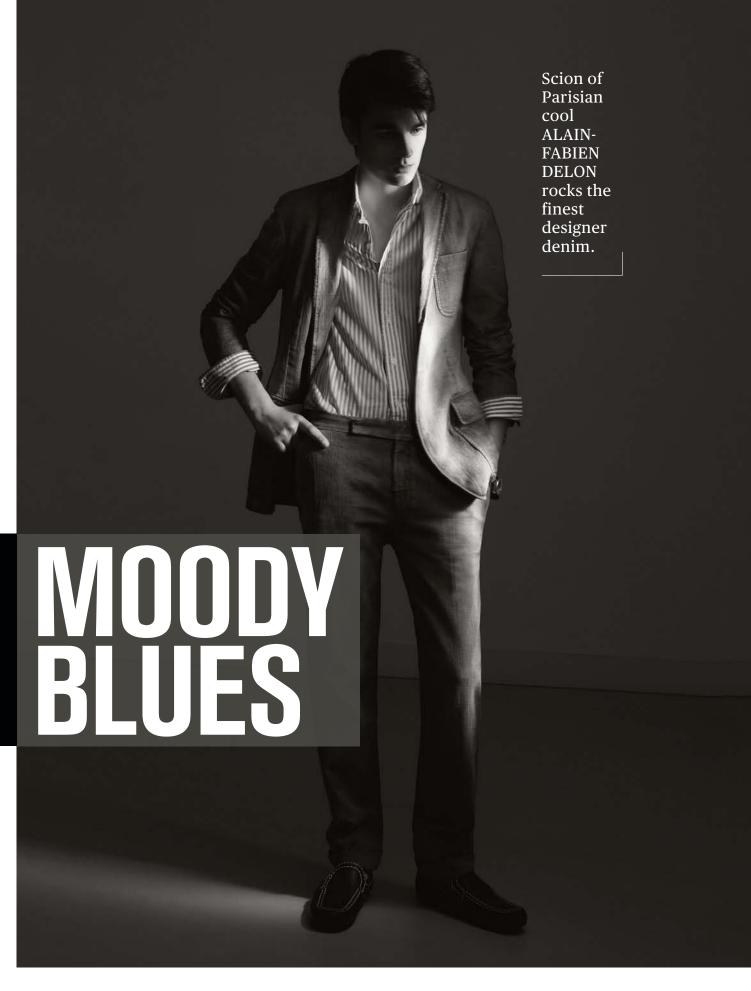
For now, Fontana lives in Brazil's São Paulo, which she thought would be the best place to raise her children. "I wanted some kind of balance and quality of life for them," she says. But the gypsy life of a model means she's now thinking of a move to Miami, to be closer to the fashion hubs of New York and Paris. Which can mean only one thing... we're about to see even more of Isabeli.







IN CINEMAS 2 OCTOBER







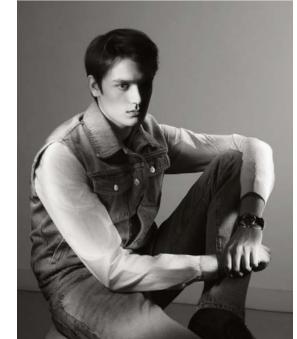






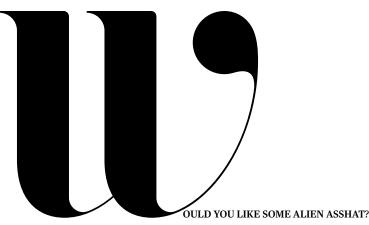
Whether it's the perfect Western shirt, a well-worn denim vest, or even a trench coat that looks like something Bowie would have worn on the streets of 1970s Berlin, denim is all about exuding confidence and cool. -c.w.

WITH HIS HAUNTED eyes, 21-year-old Alain-Fabien Delon carries more than a strong whiff of his father, legendary French actor Alain Delon. He's thin and lanky, thanks to equally impressive DNA passed down from his mother, Dutch model Rosalie van Breemen. Vogue Hommes International, which featured the model and actor on the magazine's fall/winter 2013 cover, likened him to a "young leopard". The same quality lent credibility to his role in the seductive sex comedy, You and the Night, as a teen who deftly seduces a woman twice his age while partaking in a Parisian orgy. As for style, Delon sees it as, "A tool one can use to express himself without saying a word." Here, he does just that in the best denim. -SARAH HORNE GROSE









It's about R500 for two grams, or R150 for a half-gram, prerolled joint, on the menu at a tidy, little pot shop called the Seattle Cannabis Company in the U.S.' Seattle. Also available, Super Silver Goo, Snoop's Dream, Grand Daddy Purple, and White Widow. There's a pot named God, and another named Jesus. There's also Juicy Fruit and Girl Scout Cookies, varieties made by two different growers, presumably battling it out to see who can get sued first.

This is the fantasy realised by the Washington state's new law in the U.S., and it looks and feels exactly like pot lovers dreamt it would. An establishment like this is born of pot culture, as if your neighbourhood dealer just put on a nicer shirt. But across town, a different vision of pot is

taking shape. "This is a mainstream product consumed by mainstream Americans, and they're just looking for mainstream brands that don't insult, or offend them," says the man leading the charge, from the comfort of his conference room, "Not every name has to have 'cana' in it, or 'green,' or 'Mary Jane.'" You can imagine what he thinks of Alien Asshat.

Meet Brendan Kennedy, CEO of the private equity firm Privateer Holdings. He arrives at our meeting carrying a bowl of nuts. He's been up with his 9-month-old daughter since dawn. He is, like everyone else at Privateer, an exercise enthusiast. He has completed six Ironman competitions, and generally comes across as someone who isn't frivolous about what he puts into his body. Pot? "It's not a part of my life," he says in his soft, deliberate manner, "I'm more of a havea-beer-on-a-Friday-night guy than a cannabis guy." But more than anything, Kennedy is a bigmoney guy. Recently, he closed a \$75-million round (about R1 billion) of funding to continue building his massive, game-changing marijuana company, including the first-ever backing raised from institutional investors, a very big deal in what wonks call an "emerging market". He is turning pot into a legit investment, because he sees a fortune to be made when control of a R500-billion industry moves from those who are passionate about smoking pot, to those who are passionate about making money. And to accomplish this, he intends to do away with pot as you know it. No more cliché names. No 4/20 jokes. He envisions beautiful packaging and branding and logos. He wants to build products that are "the big, bright, shiny brands that people can point to and say, 'That's what the end of prohibition looks like,'" he says.

Kennedy's words are carefully chosen. Mainstream product. Prohibition. Cannabis. Never pot. Latin. He knows the language matters; as in politics, whoever controls the words controls the debate. He even hired Heckler Associates to work with him. You may be familiar with Heckler's work, it's the branding firm that named Starbucks. Kennedy's vision represents the logical endpoint of legalisation. It was never going to be just a stoner's paradise. America doesn't play like that. America seizes a market opportunity, and goes for broke. And maybe that sounds heretical, another subculture exploited, but Kennedy has an argument for the stoners, too, "We think that the right professional brands, and the right companies in this industry can be as effective as any activist," he says, "The right brands can fuel change."

Translated out of corporate-speak, he's saying that once pot grows into a gigantic business, it can do what gigantic businesses do in America... influence politics. That means Big Pot could bring about "the end of prohibition" far faster than a grassroots movement. For once, the Man just might be the stoner's best friend.

Privateer Holdings CEO Brendan
Kennedy is not a pot user,
but he's about to change the industry.
Photographed here at Marley
Natural headquarters in Manhattan, USA.
Opposite Page: Tilray's flowering
room in its highly secure R&D facility in
Nanaimo, Canada.



N 2010, Kennedy was a straightforward money guy. He worked in valuations at an esteemed financial services company. One day, he turned down a potential client in the medical-marijuana industry out of concern about associating with the drug. But a few days later, he heard a report on public radio about Proposition 19, an initiative that would have legalised certain marijuana-related activities in the U.S.' California (it later failed). He called an old business-school classmate who worked in private equity, and told him to quit his job. When pot became legal, someone would make a fortune. He wanted it to be them. When Kennedy started to pitch potential investors, many were worried about the same risks that he once was. Hedge fund managers were willing to invest their personal money, not the fund's money, and only in secret. But slowly, pot started to shed its stigma. The stock market now has



pot-themed symbols, like MJNA (Medical Marijuana, Inc.), PHOT (GrowLife, Inc.), and HEMP (Hemp, Inc.). A publicly traded pharmaceutical company is testing drugs based on compounds found in cannabis; its stock more than doubled in the past year. The medical-marijuana delivery app Eaze, which is angling to become the Uber of pot, with Snoop Dogg as an investor, closed a \$10-million (about R139 million) funding round recently. Management and consulting firms are popping up in places where pot is legal.

And this past January, Kennedy made the biggest news of all, announcing a multimillion-dollar investment from Founders Fund, the venture capital firm created by PayPal cofounder Peter Thiel. This changed the game, the first huge, institutional firm to proudly put its name on an investment in pot. "We needed to know whether or not there would be an opportunity to build a multibillion-dollar, mass-scale company that could really help to drive the end of prohibition, and also build a huge business," explains Founders Fund partner Geoff Lewis, who led the investment, "Because we do think the end of prohibition will be a social good.

t was never just going to be a stoner's paradise. America doesn't play like that.

For all our investments, we want to believe we're going to help improve the world in some way."

That's big talk. But Kennedy is building the kind of company to back it up. Privateer is structured as a holding company; what it does is launch or acquire other businesses, all related to pot, and then connect them in symbiotic ways. Today, Privateer has three such arms. The first is called Leafly, a site for smokers to peruse reviews on specific strains, find nearby retail shops, and even search for varieties based on intended goals (if you want to "conquer social anxiety," Leafly lists 50 strains for the job). But behind the scenes, Leafly is actually Privateer's data mine, helping it to build the most sophisticated, granular understanding of cannabis consumer desires in existence. If lots of people in a specific place search for a specific type of marijuana, Privateer can use that information to make better production, distribution, and marketing decisions. And Leafly cofounder Cy Scott says that smokers' desires have been changing rapidly. The company has also seen a spike in users identifying as vapers, rather than smokers, and there's been a notable uptick in the interest in edibles.

Privateer will use all that data to launch an actual pot brand called Marley Natural, which will go on sale later this year. The company has yet to reveal what its packaging will look like, but Kennedy promises something polished and professional, the kind of thing that wouldn't look out of place on the shelves of an Engen. As tastes evolve and are flagged by Leafly, Marley will respond with new products.

In places where pot isn't legal, the company will sell accessories, such as pipes and containers, etc. That way, consumers will be introduced to

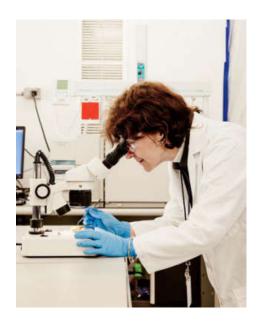


the brand even though they can't gain access to its main product. As to where this product will come from, that's the job of Privateer's third company, which has spent \$30 million (about R413 million) renovating a facility in tiny city Nanaimo, Canada. To reach it from Privateer's headquarters in the U.S., you can drive three hours north to Vancouver, Canada, and take a 2-hour ferry ride, or catch a 1-hour flight on a small commercial airline. Privateer opts for the latter. They have a tab with the airline, and executives are on a first-name basis with the pilot. They've reserved me a seat. We're going to see the pot.

ANAIMO IS BEAUTIFUL, lush, green, and heavily forested. We drive to a facility that looks like any other building in any other industrial park. This is the stoner's Fort Knox. There are 40 000 marijuana plants inside, worth more than \$30 million (around R415 million). There's a gate and barbed wired around the exterior, and a security checkpoint. Employees and visitors must wear hard-toed shoes, and scan their lanyards in and out of every room. Before any plant product is discarded, it is soaked with water

and covered in cat litter, just in case someone outside goes digging through the trash. Inside, it smells like a campus party. Welcome to Tilray, officially Privateer's medical-marijuana growing facility, built in accordance with Canada's more pot-friendly laws. Tilray does sell marijuana in Canada, under its brand name. But the ambitions here are far larger. While the ban is in effect in the United States, Privateer is using Tilray as its staging ground. Employees travel the world to research new strains, then study them here, where the company learns how to get the most potency out of each plant, optimises the growing and drying processes, and prepares to pounce on legal opportunities as they emerge around the world.

Employees and visitors must change into fresh, disposable, full-body suits, shoes, and hairnets every time they enter a room with plants. There's not a stoner in sight. Inside one of the growing rooms, Nolan Vollmer, a veteran of the war in Afghanistan, hacks down large plants of the Barbara Bud. Adam Varga, a business student at a university in Canada, who's considering switching majors to horticulture, is standing by a nearby scale. Looking on is Josh Eades, Tilray's tall, soft-spoken, bespectacled chief science officer, who claims to have never tried his own product. Technically speaking, because he's not a medical-marijuana patient, it would be illegal to do so. When I suggest that it sounds a lot like a winemaker who hasn't tasted his own wine, Tilray CEO Greg Engel reminds me that they're making medicine. "If you were working at a pharmaceutical company, you wouldn't be sampling your blood pressure medication," he says. True, but pharmaceutical companies aren't typically developing new drugs for the day they become available at your local bodega. Privateer doesn't want to just fill prescriptions; the real prize is folks who just want to get high.



Tilray's lab, where cannabis is tested for microbials, mould, and a host of other potential contaminants, something your old pot dealer, who needed to move product regardless of quality control, likely never did.

Opposite Page: A worker inside the company's flowering room.

Engel sticks to the party line, though. There's a lot at stake here. Tilray is eager to grow. As legalisation sweeps through the country and the world, Tilray will open new facilities in friendly localities. It's critically important that you are professional while working on a mainstream product. No city wants a stoner Fort Knox. But every city wants job-creating agriculture.

And Tilray will have an important business evangelist on its side, a politician, Bill McKay, the mayor of Nanaimo, who is evidence of the power of Big Pot's potential. Before Tilray moved in, the little island city was suffering from a slowdown in its timber industry, and known only for a locally made chocolate wafer snack called a Nanaimo Bar. Tilray created hundreds of jobs. In April, McKay and his town's economicdevelopment team held a press conference to announce that Tilray had pumped \$48 million into the local economies, and was on its way to becoming the region's biggest private-sector employer. "They have all these great names," McKay says with a laugh, referring to the silly pot names that Kennedy is targeting for extinction, "I'm waiting for a Nanaimo Gold."

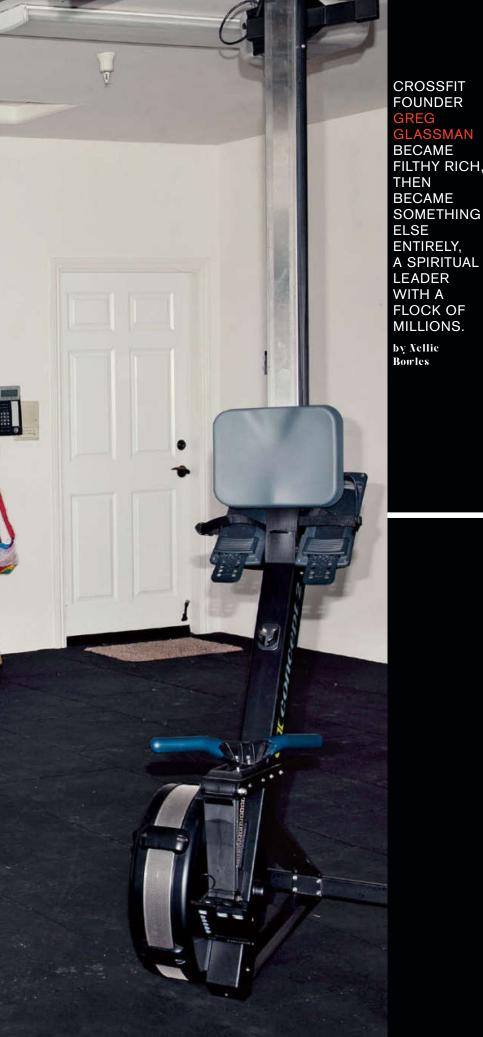
HAT'S NOT Big Pot's only way of appealing to a mainstream audience. With Tilray's funding, researchers are currently studying whether marijuana helps veterans, first responders, and sexual assault victims deal with post-traumatic stress disorder. "Our investors are looking for a financial return," Kennedy says, "But they're also looking for a social return measured by ending the harms caused by prohibition."

Back in the U.S., newly legal dealers are eager to take up pot's talking points. "We don't want people getting shit-faced every night," says Josh Berman, owner of the PDA Lounge, a onetime bar that's now a medical-marijuana dispensary, "We would like it if we could smoke a little weed and live a balanced, productive life. Big money's going to help push that."

Berman heads out the back door of his shop, where there's an enclosed deck for customers to sample his products. It's 10:30 in the morning, and managing partner Benito Ybarra is putting cream cheese on a bagel, smoking a joint. "Kosher Kush. It was blessed by a rabbi," he says, "You guys might want to at least taste it." "I might have to," Berman says, taking a hit.

Across town, Kennedy may one day own a major portion of Berman's supply chain. But still, two guys hanging out way before noon, enjoying a spliff without fear? Big Pot approves, after all, these guys represent an emerging market that's ripe for exploitation. Some prefer doobies, others dollars. But whatever their chosen high, it's all about the green.





CROSSFIT **FOUNDER** GREG GLASSMAN BECAME FILTHY RICH, BECAME SOMETHING



USA, he doesn't have much information about the person he's come to see. He knows that her name is Dawn Ditano, and that she is dying. And that for her last rites, she had requested neither a priest nor a rabbi. She had requested him, the 59-year-old cofounder and CEO of the world's largest fitness chain, CrossFit.

Less than 48 hours later, he marches into the hospital, accompanied by his global brand manager and occasional body man, an ex-Marine named Jimi Letchford. "Dawn, the coach is here!" a woman screams as Glassman bursts through the door. From where she lies encircled by a troupe of muscular women in matching gym T-shirts, Ditano shrieks, "Oh, my G-d, oh, my G-d, oh, my G-d!" and starts to cry. "There you are," Glassman says, laughing as Ditano stares at him in disbelief. He's used to this now, the stupefying effect he has on CrossFit acolytes. The fact that he's been summoned here, for this, doesn't seem to surprise him a bit.

Even in her blue hospital pants and a T-shirt, with her rocky biceps and bulging trapezoids, Ditano looks supremely healthy. The cancer came on that suddenly. Her friends have blown up several photos of her for Glassman to sign. One shows her performing a squat with a 61-kilogram barbell over her head. She looks unstoppable, like the poster girl for the CrossFit gym she's co-owned and operated since 2010.

A plump nurse in a yellow scrub top pauses at the door, surprised by the crowd. "Oh, hello," she says, looking around at the group of muscle-bound women, at Glassman smiling from Ditano's side, at the square-jawed Jimi Letchford. Ditano's friend and business partner, Dawn Mary Angus, introduces Glassman, "Having him here, for us, is like having Mick Jagger," she

says. Later, Angus tells me she'd spent the previous day engaged in "barbell therapy" to help cope with losing her friend. "People need a place in the world where they're not a mom, or a CEO, or a cleaner. It's a hard thing for outsiders to understand."

The nurse has come to give Ditano a lesson on self-administering pain medication, as she'll soon be transferred home. But Ditano is eager to assume the role of instructor. Before taking up CrossFit, she had struggled with addiction, and she credits the sport with saving her life. "Think of a baby," she says to the nurse, "When babies squat, they don't bend in half at the waist like most adults do. They bend at the knees. CrossFit is all about fitness through natural movements."

At that moment, as if on cue, a bundle of IV tubing slips from the nurse's hands, and onto the floor. She bends down carefully, at the knees, to pick it up. "Oh, yeah!" shouts Angus, "Keep squatting! Hold it, hold it!" The nurse glances over at Glassman, a petite man with scruffy grey hair. His right foot is in a padded boot, the result of a recent surgery. "A solid squat," he says, and the room erupts in applause.

When people started doing CrossFit in 2001, it was revolutionary and also a little crazy. You've probably seen them in their muscle T-shirts and tiny shorts, flipping tyres, or carrying each other up flights of stairs. Athletes (anyone who takes a class is called an athlete; instructors are "coaches"; gyms are "boxes") combine homegrown resistance-training techniques (the tyres), explosive weight lifting, running, and squats to transform their bodies into hard-charging muscle machines.

But the bigger appeal of CrossFit is the fiercely tribal culture around it. CrossFitters train together, eat together, and party together. They also, as is only natural wherever washboard abs and toned glutes abound, tend to sleep together. They've been described as a "cult of overachievers". Their unofficial mascot is a clown vomiting on himself, and for good reason, because puking is practically a rite of passage for beginners. Egregious injuries resulting from the sport have been well documented. Still, CrossFit is one of the fastest-growing networks of affiliated gyms on Earth. A new "box" opens somewhere in the world every two hours, and more

than 115 000 people to date have been certified to coach. The company earns more than \$100 million (about R1,3 billion) a year in revenue from the \$1 000 (around R13 000) certification fees, and \$3 000 (round it off to R41 000) in annual gym fees, and one man owns it 100 percent.

That man is Greg Glassman, a salty, charming but little-known, thrice-married father of seven who may be the most unlikely spiritual leader to emerge in the 21st century. For millions of devoted CrossFitters, Glassman is a brash, libertarian guiding voice. He's a preacher with an enormous platform, given to tirades against government interference, and what he sees as a "Big Soda" conspiracy to make the world fat. He surrounds himself with a posse of ex-Marines and ex-SEALs, and he relishes his place behind the scenes. So, who is this





Above: Athletes compete at the 2015 CrossFit Games; 273,000 people took part in the Open this past February.

Opposite Page: A young Glassman trains on gymnastics rings.

modern messiah? *Maxim* was granted unprecedented access to find out.

GREG GLASSMAN was born July 22, 1956, and raised in an upper-middle-class suburb in Los Angeles, USA. At 10 weeks old, he contracted polio, although he wasn't diagnosed until more than a year later, when he was given a small walker. "I was just one-

legging it for a while," he says, laughing, "I'm not the wallowing type."

Glassman spent holidays with his grandparents in the U.S.' Alabama, where he and his cousins slept two to a bed. "It was the only thing in my childhood that was wholesome," he recalls, "At home, there was nothing but mischief and vandalism. My mom was pretty mean-spirited. And my dad turned everything into a pissing contest." When Glassman was 12, his father, a rocket scientist, came to him with a bag of a thousand nails, and had him measure each nail to 10-thousandths of an inch, and make a histogram as a lesson. "I was in a math-oppressive environment," he says. At school, Glassman was a brawler, he says, "I could fight at the drop of a hat; that part's still in me." He spent most of his free time building up his upper body. Given his medical history, contact sports weren't an option, and with his height, neither was competitive swimming. But gymnastics was, so he became a ring man, despite his parents' concern that he'd hurt himself. "I couldn't run as fast as the others, but I could always do more pull-ups than anybody," he says, "All I needed was chalk and the rings, and to be left alone."

Coaching gymnastics while still in high school, Glassman tried to

teach himself how to squat, only to realise he couldn't. His body, strengthened with classic gym routines, wasn't tuned for functional movement. "Like all religions, this is a redemption story," he says. Glassman developed almost the entire CrossFit programme in his garage at 16 years old, mixing gymnastics, power lifting, and callisthenics. He attended college, but never finished. "I went to half a dozen institutions, but I was just there for the girls."

Glassman's first wife, Brandy Jones, had been a childhood neighbour. His second, Lauren Jenai, was a client who eventually cofounded Cross-Fit with him. In 2012, they went through a contentious divorce, and, at

all religions,"
he says,
"This is a
redemption
story."

risk of a corporate takeover if Lauren sold her half of the company, Glassman ultimately bought her out for \$16.2 million (about R224 million). He met his current wife, Maggie Robinson, by happenstance two years ago. She was a waitress at a restaurant he frequented. Or at least that's the version of the story he prefers. "That's what he told you?" Dale Saran, Glassman's head of legal, says with a laugh, "No, no, Maggie was on a date with me." "Well, Dale fell asleep in the hot tub," Glassman concedes, "Someone had to take her home."

In the late '90s, Glassman started to amass a following as an unorthodox

personal trainer who whipped clients into a frenzy of randomly assigned sprints and deadlifts, coaching them in libertarian philosophy. "First time I met him, I was like, 'Who is this grandiose motherfucker?'" says Brian Mulvaney, who met Glassman in 1999, and eventually joined the CrossFit team as a strategist, "You're on the bike just getting ground to pieces, and he's trying to engage you intellectually."

Glassman got kicked out of a handful of gyms for being disruptive before landing his own space in 2001. "I started out with military and baller-tech clients," he says, "There's a recognition amongst the tech guys that fitness comes painfully, like code comes painfully." Glassman started posting workouts online, and they went viral. Venture capitalist Bill Gross was

poised to invest, and eBay billionaire Meg Whitman was floated as a potential board member. Then the tech bubble burst before Glassman took on funding. But CrossFit continued to grow.

Soon after, Glassman started certifying coaches and establishing "affiliates," autonomous gyms that pay him an annual fee, though he was fiercely selective, aiming only for the most dedicated fitness fanatics. "We deliberately started at the top and back-filled," he says, "No SEAL is going to do the fat people's workout. But the fat people will do the SEAL workout." People were wary of CrossFit at the beginning. It certainly looks alarming, weights flying around, people sprinting at random. And Glassman didn't do himself any favours you, then we don't want you in our ranks." But injuries never seriously stunted the sport. That may be because

when, in 2005, he told The New York Times, "It can kill you... if you find

the notion of falling off the rings, and breaking your neck so foreign to

the hazard isn't actually abnormally high. With an injury rate of 3.1 per thousand hours of exercise, CrossFit is roughly the same as weight lifting, or triathlon training, according to a 2013 study in The Journal of Strength and Conditioning Research. Or it could be because Glassman and his lawyers have aggressively gone after any organisation that's suggested CrossFit is especially dangerous. Or maybe the appeal of CrossFit's community was just unusually strong, and happy participants turned into active recruiters. "I always get asked how many CrossFitters there are," says Glassman, "I've got no fucking idea. Several million is the answer I'm most comfortable with. It's like estimating the size of the universe."

THE WEEK BEFORE WATCHING Glassman deliver last rites, I meet him for lunch so he can size me up. Letchford warns me he's walked out on reporters before. When I arrive at the outdoor café, I hear the grumble of large men before seeing them. "It's go time," one says.

Glassman's posse, three guys, two of whom are former military, stand, a phalanx of pecs and traps, and then step aside. And there's the great Greg Glassman. Sporting some grey stubble, and an old T-shirt over a muscular barrel chest, he looks scruffy and imposing until he lifts himself out of the chair. Glassman is short, with narrow, off-kilter hips, and a very noticeable limp. He doesn't look like a health guru. He doesn't look like the driving force behind one of the fastest growing gym chains in the world. He doesn't look like he could throw tyres, or live on a gluten-free Paleo diet. If anything, he looks hurt. His thumbnail is black with a bruise, and his foot is in a brace (a compres-

L am not going to surrender **myself** to arseholes with lobbyists."





sion fracture turned arthritic). He shakes my hand, and asks me to sit. Today, Glassman doesn't want to talk about CrossFit. He'd rather talk about a Twitter fight he's having with pop singer Nick Jonas. The squabble started back in April, when CrossFit tweeted a photoshopped picture of a soft drink bottle next to the words, "Open Diabetes". Jonas, a diabetes sufferer, fired back with a tweet accusing CrossFit of conflating type 1 and type 2 diabetes. "This is not cool," it started. Later, when a news channel asked Glassman about the spat, he claims to have replied, simply, "Fuck Nick Jonas." I don't believe him, so Glassman pulls out his phone to show me the email. Indeed, that's what he wrote, "Fuck Nick Jonas," and he tells me he wants to fly a banner over the CrossFit Games that says it as well.



Over a meal of fried calamari, guacamole, and crab cakes, I learn that Glassman sees himself as a man at war on multiple fronts, with Big Soda, with sports-medicine associations, with anyone who questions the value of a squat. Right now, his biggest threat is a slew of proposed laws in several states to criminalise fitness trainers who don't acquire certification from the American College of Sports Medicine, or the National Strength and Conditioning Association. If enacted, it would be possible for police to charge CrossFit trainers with an aggravated misdemeanour. One such law already passed in the U.S.' D.C. "I'm not going to surrender myself to arseholes with lobbyists," he says, "I'm going to get my own arsehole lobbyists." Six months ago, he hired powerful D.C. fixers to battle the legislation. "I'm going to fuck some people up." The following Monday, I drive up to Glassman's new enormous property, overlooking the water, and not far from the CrossFit media headquarters. He shows me a whiteboard in his kitchen where he's scrawled dozens of math equations that he says prove CrossFit has made people lose "80 million fucking pounds of fat". There's a grand piano he believes he can learn to play by applying a "CrossFit mentality" to the task. "I don't know if I have any musical aptitude, but what if you just took lessons every fucking day? I also got a hot piano teacher. That helps," he says.

Glassman's personal aircraft is a tiny, silver prop plane. Its four leather seats are CrossFit branded, and its tail number refers to his second wife's resistance to its purchase, 123FU. The control panel bears a plaque, "HAND-BUILT AND INDIVIDUALISED FOR GREG GLASSMAN." There's a CrossFit box at the bottom of the air control tower, and Glass-

man tells me that one of the controllers is "a CrossFit hottie".

The pilot, wearing a tight CrossFit shirt, cues up a mellow coffeehouse mix that plays as we fly to the U.S.' San Diego. Glassman bought his other new house there in May with the staging furniture still in it. He likes it for obvious reasons (roof deck, pool), but spe-

cifically because he can see the TV from the kitchen through the central fireplace tower, and for the fish. At the door, he pauses in front of the koi pond. "They're so smart," he says, "I fucking love the shit out of these guys."

Later, we stop for a quick lunch (Glassman orders the cheesesteak sandwich), and then he takes me to one of CrossFit's offices, where he keeps the company's fine-art collection, and his stable of extremely muscular lawyers, about half of whom are at standing desks in tight, pastel spandex.

Along a back wall is a curious display, an elaborate chart on a white-board crowded with head shots and a timeline that attempts to draw a connection between soft-drink companies, sports-regulation associa-

tions, athlete deaths, and a study that links CrossFit to injuries. It also includes a section called "Victims," featuring photos of athletes who died of overhydration linked to Gatorade, an American energy drink. An additional timeline tracks various events, like when Gatorade donated to the sports-regulating body, the American College of Sports Medicine, and when that body linked CrossFit to health problems.

We get back on the plane and set off again across the bright, blue water, where we meet Letchford, who Glassman first found during a CrossFit seminar for Canadian armed forces. "Jimi was a stud in Fallujah," he tells me as we touch down. The three of us grab dinner at the airport, where Glassman and Letchford spot a couple of "CrossFit hotties". Competitive CrossFit men are quite small. The best tend to be built like gymnasts. The best CrossFit women are also tiny, but tough. It's a distinctive body type, Letchford explains, "The body tapers, strong traps, tiny waist, developed hiney, strong legs, clearly female, but nothing frail." "Gal looks like she ploughs, you know?" Glassman adds for clarification. It's an aesthetic he calls "the better beautiful".

When they're together, Glassman and Letchford are endlessly boyish. They nudge each other if they spot an attractive waitress, or doctor, or pedestrian. Women, in turn, love them, especially Letchford, who has blue eyes, wears skin-tight T-shirts, and looks like G.I. Joe, and who the flight attendants corner by the bathroom for half an hour. At airport security, the woman behind me passes through the metal detector thanking Glassman profusely. I ask why. "He just gave me such great advice on my cat," she says. Glassman bids the woman farewell and adds, "Bye-bye, Penelope," to her cat.

IF CROSSFIT IS A RELIGION, the annual games are its Hajj. Every July, CrossFitters from all over the world gather in California, and Glassman walks amongst them shaking hands, receiving the faithful, and hearing stories of how the sport has changed their lives. The Games, which have turned fitness into a spectator sport, might be the largest athletic event in the world, 273 000 people competed in the Open this past February. As soon as Glassman starts signing people's body parts, I set off to ex-

Above: CrossFit athletes sometimes compete as male-female teams. Here, a team deadlifts a barbell.

Opposite Page: Glassman scrawls notes on a whiteboard in his home.







∕rossfitters" train togther, "eat together, and... sleep together."

plore on my own. Next to the arena is "Vendor Village," where dozens of CrossFit-related companies set up tents to hawk their wares. It's a hot day, and the place is packed.

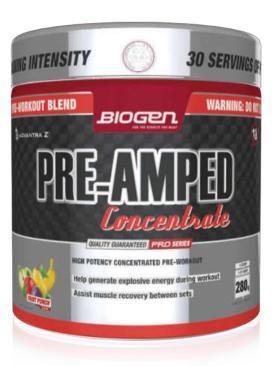
One of the first booths by the gate is for Qalo, the "functional wedding ring for an active lifestyle". At the Affiliate Guard booth, I meet Vaughn T. Vernon, who sells insurance for CrossFit gyms. I ask if they typically cover things like broken windows. "Sure, or if they get rhabdo," he says. What? "Rhabdomyolysis, when the muscle fibres come off and go into your bloodstream, and get into your kidneys. Your muscles hurt for a few days, and your pee is the colour of Coke. It can be fatal." Later, when I look this up, I discover Uncle Rhab-

do, a clown attached to a dialysis machine, and an unofficial CrossFit mascot. I get a text from Letchford. Glassman is moving. Letchford, Glassman's bodyguard, Travis, and his 28-year-old blogger, Russ Greene, surround the boss as he makes his way to the tennis stadium. Everyone wants a picture. Some grab onto his hands and thank him, saying how much he means to them, how much he changed their lives.

In the tennis stadium, we watch from Glassman's private box as people "snatch" large barbells. The weight isn't much, Glassman explains. The event is about speed and precision, being a millimetre too far forward or back means you drop the bar. For all the machismo in CrossFit, it's actually a very egalitarian culture. Male and female athletes win equal amounts, \$275 000 each (about R4 million), plus millions in endorsement deals, and at certain points in the Games, compete on teams together. "I just would never think to pay women less than men in sports," Glassman says, shaking his head, "Who do I want to watch more?" As I'm about to leave, a buff, smiling man in a wheelchair rolls in. Kevin Ogar was competing in an unofficial CrossFit competition called OC Throwdown (OCT) when he snatched but dropped a barbell that severed his spinal cord, leaving him paralysed. The video is brutal. "Sue them! Sue!" Glassman says, embracing Ogar and ushering him into the box. As Glassman later explains, "I invented a sport, and these flyby-night fucktards imitated me, and hurt a kid." Darren McGuire, who owns OCT, told Maxim that safety engineers approved the event and doctors were on-site. The day prior, I had asked Glassman what he wanted to do with all this, whether he wanted to sell it, or pass it to his kids, or take on funding.

"I don't want to pass it on," he said, "I'm doing what billionaires hope to do when they retire. We're making people healthier every day. I look at what Bill Gates does, and he wishes he could be Greg Glassman." Then he added, "I always say CrossFit is a religion run by a biker gang. And what if we are leading a cult, and we don't even know it? That's the worst fucking kind of cult. I don't recruit. If you want out, I want you to fucking leave." ■

A NOTCH



PRE-AMPED CONCENTRATE

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 - Assist muscle recovery

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INFORMER:

CUSTOM TAILORING

"DON'T BUY CHEAP...BUY SOMETHING WORTHY OF YOU."

Tom Ford, the evening news, the presenter of the Oscars. A specially made garment is unique. No other man will resemble you.

"The cost is not relevant. Art is the issue here. Great tailoring, like jewellery, or painting, or the design of an automobile, or a piece of furniture, is in the category of artistic achievement. You don't put a price on that. If you're going to buy anything, don't buy cheap, because you're actually selling yourself at a low price. Buy something worthy of you, worthy of your highest expectation, your highest standard. You don't value yourself cheaply, if you have pride. And I do. I'm 83 years old, and I grew up as the son of a tailor. You have to have a sense of what you look like. The other day, I went to a university to speak on a panel with Tina Sinatra, one of the daughters of the late Frank Sinatra, because his 100th birthday is coming up. So, what am I going to wear? Well, whether I'm going to a soccer match, or a university, or a private meeting with a Hollywood agent, I'm wearing what I think is most appropriate for the occasion. For example, you would not wear a double-breasted suit when you're sitting on a panel. The clothes gather. You want to have a three-piece, single-breasted suit, which I wore. And the jacket was open, of course. Artists are an endangered species. And I feel that when I'm spending money on these suits, I'm contributing to the furtherance and economic survival of these tailors. I care about them more than I do about Bengal tigers, or certain antelopes in the Andes, 'Oh, G-d, they're an endangered species, let's keep more butterflies, and more birds, and more Bengal tigers.' Well, I care about tailors."

Interviewed by Jason Feifer. Gay Talese is the best-selling author of 11 books, most recently, A Writer's Life. He owns roughly 100 suits.

THE MODERN TRICKED-OUT SUIT

HOW TAILORS ARE REDEFINING THE CLASSIC LOOK FOR NEW NEEDS.

1. RADIATION PROTECTION

For guys nervous about cell phone radiation so close to their chest, Patrick Johnson of P. Johnson Tailors creates an internal pocket lined with argon mesh. "It stops the radiation," he says.

2. HEADPHONE HOLE

Michael Andrews of Michael Andrews Bespoke is often asked to make a hole in the lapel so clients can snake an earbud cord through the suit, but he warns, "I can't imagine this is going to be good for the jacket."

3. WATERPROOFING

Sure, go celebrate that IPO or ribbon cutting, but the resulting champagne shower can leave you looking dumpy. That's why Garrison Bespoke offers waterproof suits for special occasions.

4. CUSTOM LINING

Got a special fabric? Repurpose it. When Drake became an ambassador for Canadian basketball team Toronto Raptors, Garrison Bespoke sourced a vintage Vince Carter jersey, and recut it to line his jacket. Now that's baller.



ITALIAN LUXURY, YOUR WAY:

High-end brands are increasingly offering custom options. Here, a sampling of services.

HUGO BOSS

A made-to-measure service, offered on "a very exclusive basis" at its flagship in Manhattan, USA. The service includes suiting, shirts, and ties, customisable in dozens of fabrics.

DOLCE&GABBANA

Its "Sartoria Experience" is available in Milan, London, and New York. It features a wide made-to-measure wardrobe, from silk pyjamas, to suits, tuxedos, shirts, coats, and accessories.

SALVATORE FERRAGAMO

This year, the luxury shoe brand launched a made-to-order programme for its Driver shoe. Materials include crocodile, ostrich, condor calf, and suede mink, in Ferragamo's hallmark colours, such as ultramarine, antique saddle, and flame red.

GIORGIO ARMANI

Tailors are available at Armani stores worldwide. In June, the famed brand launched a new campaign to highlight its custom-made-suit service, featuring *Magic Mike XXL* actor Matt Bomer, along with actors Dan Stevens, and Chen Kun.

PRADA

In 50 stores worldwide, Prada offers a VIP room where custom clothing begins. Suits are available in 300 fabrics, coats in 30 fabrics, including luxury cashmere, and shirts in 230 fabrics, including Prada's historic archive prints.

BRIONI

The venerable fashion brand's signature service, which it calls Su Misura, an Italian term for "custom tailoring," has been offered for seven decades. Each season, more than 300 fabrics are available for suits, jackets, and shirts.



THE BESPOKE SHIRT FAQs

THREE BIG QUESTIONS TO ASK AS YOU BUILD A PERSONALISED SHIRT.

What matches my face?

There are many shirt collars, spread, cutaway, pinned, and so on, and not all will look good on you. The medium-point collar is probably your best bet, but still, says tailor Duncan Quinn, "The best advice is to find someone you trust as your go-to man," and let him guide you.

What kind of fabric do I choose?

Tailors agree, keep it simple, especially on your first shirt. "Every man should have a plain white shirt," says Patrick Johnson, "You're looking for a beautiful twill. It stays whitest the longest, it doesn't crease much, and it's good in summer as well as winter."

Should there be a chest pocket?

It's a matter of taste, but most tailors will say no. You shouldn't put anything in there anyway, lest you ruin the lines of your shirt. "I think that cleaner is better," says David Tran of Garrison Bespoke, who recommends using your suit pockets instead. That's what they're for.

LONG-DISTANCE TAILORING:

Can you get a made-to-fit shirt without seeing a tailor? That's what a new batch of startups promise. One of our own tried out two.

INDOCHINO

It makes custom suits for R4 000 to R10 000, and shirts for R1 000 to R2 000. First step, the company mails you measuring tape. Then a series of videos on its website walks you through taking 14 measurements. If the result doesn't fit, they'll remake it, refund it, or give you money for tailoring

HOW

IT Works

THE

EXPERI-

THE

SHIRT

The video instructions are helpful, but I don't totally trust my measuring skills. My wife helps out; it takes us 20 minutes. Two days later, an Indochino employee emails, because she suspects I screwed up my waist measurement, and she's right! I was off by 28 centimetres. Good catch.

"That's a very big collar," fashion director Wayne Gross says when I model the shirt. I'd selected "button-down collar"; they're like pizza slices. He also dislikes the neck (too loose), and body (it drapes). The fault is surely mine, I measured, after all, but this is a fashion fail

MTAILOR

The company measures you entirely through their app. The process, set the phone on the floor, leaning up against a wall. Step back until you're in the middle of your phone's screen, hold your arms out in a particular way, and turn around. Three weeks later, your shirt arrives.

The app tells me to strip to my underwear. I comply, MTailor promises the video isn't saved anywhere, and stand in my bedroom while the app films me and talks me through the process. From customising my shirt, to getting measured, it takes about five minutes.

"That's a much better scenario," Gross says. This collar looks right. The neck is snug; the shirt is fitted. Gross even likes MTailor's buttons and fabric better. MTailor will also refund or remake a shirt, but this one is going straight into my closet. It's the easiest thing I've ever had made.

THE BIG TELL:

HOW'S YOUR BUTTONHOLE?

Look close. If the stitching is perfectly uniform, it's machine-made. But if it has more character and uneven stitches, especially on the interior of the cuff, it's hand sewn, a process that can take up to 30 minutes. Both are perfectly fine, but here's the key, if a tailor invested time in that buttonhole, it's much more likely he also handcrafted the chest, collar, and shoulder, which is crucial to a great-fitting, long-lasting garment.

BESPOKE Anything!

HOW TO MAKE KEY PIECES UNIQUE.

COLOGXE

For a little more than twice the price of a high-end cologne, an expert from the U.S.' Scenterprises will combine ingredients from a number of olfactory families, floral, woodsy, fresh, to create a totally unique scent.

GLOUES

At Hestra in Stockholm, Sweden, the fabric is cut to your hand's exact proportions, and available in everything, from elk leather, to reindeer suede. Anticipate a break-in period. They'll be very tight at the beginning and stretch to fit like a... well, you know.

SXEAKERS

From 2008 to 2013, Nike made a customisable shoe called Air Force 1 Bespoke. The service returned this June, though Nike will say that it's only available to "certain individuals", and is mum on when, or if, it'll once again be open to all.

SEX WITH YOUR EX

WHAT'S *REALLY* BEHIND YOU HAVING SEX WITH YOUR EX?

by DOMIXIKA SKY

LET'S FACE IT, if you have sex with your ex, that relationship is far from over. Fact. It doesn't matter what you've convinced yourself over a couple of beers. If it was over, you wouldn't still be jumping each other's bones, period. It's that simple.

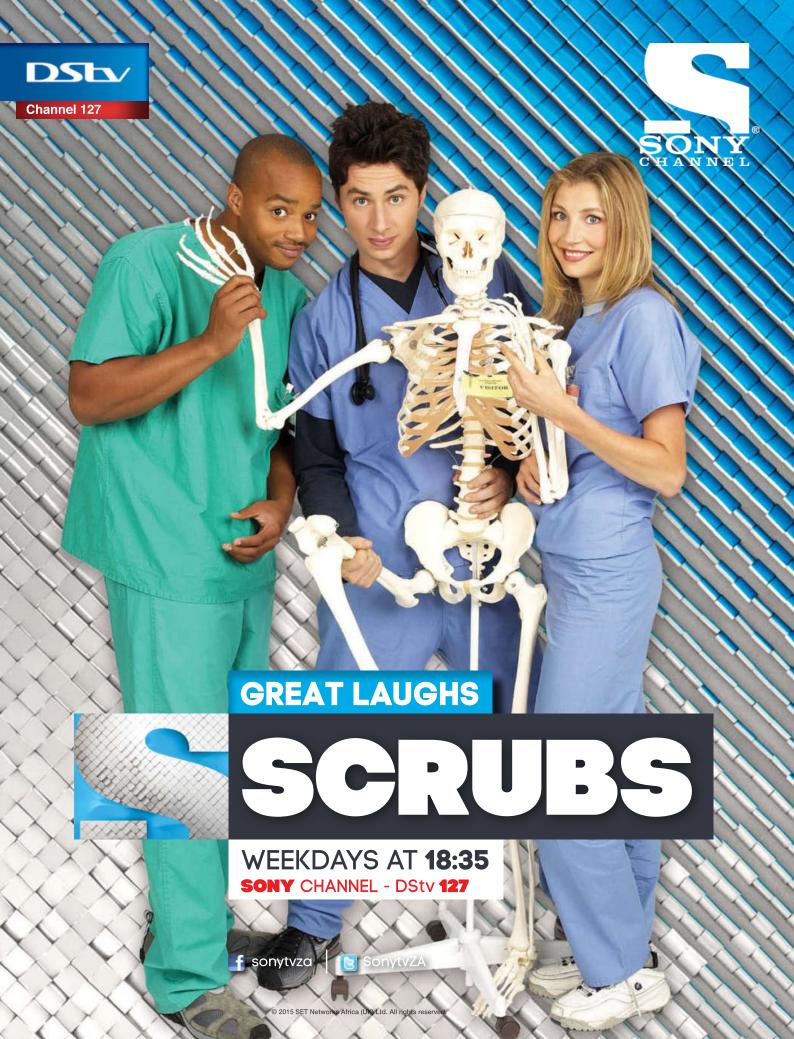
But there's a deeper reason as to why you can't seem to just call it quits. Sure, maybe you still love her. Maybe you even think that there's some hope of patching things up, and that a quickie might just fix things. But there's something else... sex. Sex with your ex was amazing, and you just can't let that go. It just works, and anyway, much better the devil you know, right?

It all boils down to a deadly combination. Lots of people get stuck in this situation, and can't move on. They dwell on the love they felt (and might still feel) for their former lovers, and they remember the strong chemistry, and the unforgettable sex. It's only natural. Physically, you might have been a perfect match, complementing each other when it came to wants and needs, even if your relationship was lacking in other departments. But you can't forget the shortcomings, they were the reason you broke up in the first place. It's very tempting to think that great sex might fix the things that were once broken. But the truth is that those shortcomings will still be there, underneath all the lust. You think of it as a quick fix for your broken heart, you may even believe it. But in the long run, it won't be beneficial to you, or your well-being. So, before making any decisions, ask yourself a few simple questions.

Do you want to move on with your life, and cut all communication with your ex, or are you still in love with her? What keeps you coming back? Is it just sex, or is there something else? Why can't you let go, and move on? And the final and most important question of them all, why did you break up?

This last question will help you better understand your split, and the cause of it. This cause is the reason you're apart now, it's what didn't work between you, and what brought you to this point. Sex with your ex can be both a very pleasurable experience, and a regrettable one. In most cases, it comes with a lot of mixed feelings, and can feel like a bad one-night stand, tainted by emotional baggage and bitter memories.

Sometimes, it can also be about closure, you'll sleep together after you've broken up, and the next morning, you instantly know that it's over for good. That's the ideal scenario, but what if you're hooked and can't keep yourself from coming back? Well, that's up to you. Do you wish to be stuck with your ex as a sex partner, no strings attached? Are they happy with this arrangement? It's your prerogative, as long as you're both on the same page, and nobody gets hurt.





IT'S MY TIME.

